



EASTERN HORIZON

Monthly review



in this issue

A Doctor

Jasim Uddin

Thaung Blackmore

Cedric Belfrage

Frederick Joss

Mulk Raj Anand

Yoga and Mental Stress

Three Poems from Bengal

Marriages in Modern Burma

A Queen for Havana

Have I Lost Jin-Song?

Three Black Marigolds and a Rose

World Table Tennis Championships

a portfolio

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April 1961

Volume One No. 10

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LETTERS

A LITTLE TOO POPULAR?

I must thank you very much for sending me the journal (I believe I put in a subscription some time ago) and I have been trying to get it made better known. I am sorry to say that the University Library here declined to subscribe to it, probably because they regarded it as a little too popular . . .

With best wishes for the success of *Eastern Horizon*,

JOSEPH NEEDHAM

Conville & Caius College,
Cambridge

MMP IN NO REAL TROUBLE

Thank you for copies of the March issue which I think capital: sorry MMP didn't find much in Germany beyond the wines, but as he always writes so well he is in no real trouble.

I expect you are tired out, but the magazine does not show signs of that.

EDMUND BLUNDEN

3 University Drive,
Hong Kong

FROM SIMON WATSON TAYLOR

I was delighted with the March issue of your review, which I had not previously come across in Europe or America. In particular, I thought that Cedric Belfrage's 'Cuban Impressions' was of great value: the more that is written about the Cuban revolution by people who have been there, the better, in view of the incredible campaign of slander and deliberate misinformation being conducted by the entire American press (the so-called 'liberal' press being among the worst offenders). More honour, of course, to the few who are prepared to speak and think rationally about the subject—Prof. C. Wright Mills, for instance, and the Fair Play for Cuba Committee. But, alas, in America they are reeds in the wind.

I know and admire Cedric Belfrage, though there are points in which I think he is oversanguine . . . On the other hand, my friend Lawrence Ferlinghetti, the San Francisco poet and publisher, would agree whole-heartedly with

Belfrage's comments. He has just returned from Cuba and doubts that socialist and anarchist militants are being persecuted. I simply don't know, but I would like to see some first-hand evidence one way or the other . . .

Apart from Cedric Belfrage's article, I particularly enjoyed Husein Rofe's delightfully-written treatise on noses; and Yae Ichida's exquisite—and finely-translated—poem. And how I agree with F. J.'s review of Dom Moraes' *Gone Away!* I know Dom well, and am fond of him, but he is—exactly—a child, and a child who wants to shock adults, a trait he shares with American 'beatniks' such as Gregory Corso, whom I also know and like as a person but as one would like a naughty child! And it is a tragedy, of course, that American 'beat' writers such as Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg and Corso have propagated their idiotic miscomprehensions of Eastern philosophy in general and of Zen Buddhism in particular—making use of the latter as an excuse for their social irresponsibility without ever realizing that, in fact, Zen offers the most complete and rigid discipline conceivable. A tragedy, I say, because exhibitionism inevitably produces its reaction in books like Koestler's.

I'm afraid this has turned out to be a very long letter. Excuse me. I really only meant to tell you how much I enjoyed my first meeting with *Eastern Horizon*.

SIMON WATSON TAYLOR

Park Hotel,
Hong Kong

CAUSE OF A LITERARY STIR

Eastern Horizon has just reached me this morning a few hours before sailing on an 18-month and round-the-world trip—so I can take it with me . . .

Eastern Horizon has caused the biggest literary stir in Western Australia for some time, and is the envy of our local writers. It even, perhaps, contributed to the inspiration of a short story competition which was highly successful, though this may sound a trifle immodest coming from one of the three judges. Over 600 entries were received, and the standard of the prize-winners and top 50 was very high indeed.

I shall have nearly a month in Singapore seeing old friends before sailing for England where I shall be consulting on the filming of my third novel *A Change of Mind*.

G. M. GLASKIN

Graylands,
Western Australia

TOO INDIAN, TOO EUROPEAN

I am not sure if F. J. has actually read Dom Moraes' book *Gone Away*; from his review it is very hard to tell, and most of his judgments seem to be quoted from other people.

I would not for one moment claim that this was a work of great importance: its purpose is personal, and the title *An Indian Journal*, far from being a misnomer, is, in fact, a very accurate description. It is not meant to be yet another travel book about India—it is primarily concerned with the particular relationship between the writer and the country of his birth. This is not any sentimental return journey (as your reviewer might like it to be), for Moraes is one of the many caught in a private no man's land, too Indian to be quite at home in England, too European to be comfortable in the native country whose language he doesn't even understand. Such a position is surely too common in present-day India (and elsewhere) to be passed off with a sneer. . . .

The other censure that F. J. appears to make is that Moraes has 'inflicted untold suffering' on 'unnamed unimportant ordinary people'. Since he gives no examples or references through-out his review, it is not easy to pin him down, but I can only say that my own impression was quite the opposite. Across the barriers of incomprehension Moraes does manage to feel great sympathy for his fellow beings, whether for the impoverished lecturer in Khatmandu or the young people in the hills of Sikkim. Closely connected with this sympathy is the humour that runs through the book, preventing it from seeming pretentious. It is hardly ever cruel, and is usually directed at the writer himself.

One might also add that this is an exceedingly well written book, and gives hope that Dom Moraes may one day write a very good novel, far better than the immature and sentimental childhood poems that your reviewer naturally prefers.

Hong Kong

W. I. McLACHLAN

JOSS GOES TO TUNISIA

Just received the two copies of EH (March issue), by air mail. Congratulations! It is an excellent number (apart from my stuff . . .) I love the Yunglokung murals—but I think the gravure reproduction of earlier issues (e.g. of my Macao sketches) was better than the tone blocks on glossy paper you have now . . .

I am going to Tunisia in a few days.

FREDERICK JOSS

London

'I DISCOVERED EASTERN HORIZON'

At the home of a friend the other day I discovered *Eastern Horizon* and wish first of all to congratulate you on an excellent venture.

I enclose a cheque for \$40 for a two-year subscription—which, if possible, I would like to commence with the first issue. Have you back numbers to enable me to do this? I hope so.

But why have I not heard of *Eastern Horizon* before? I usually reckon to keep myself informed about publications, yet cannot remember having seen any advertisements or announcements concerning this monthly review. Now that I have seen the journal, I am certain that wider publicity in Hongkong would secure many more readers and so help to secure the future of the publication itself.

REV. DENNIS L. ROGERS

Morrison Hall,
Hatton Road,
Hong Kong

'A DAY AT HIROSHIMA'

I was extremely pleased to note the publication of 'A Day at Hiroshima' in the New Year issue of *Eastern Horizon*. Thank you very much indeed for returning me an edition so promptly and also for the six copies which came later by sea mail. This is a courtesy which we rarely enjoy from a publisher!

Since the poem has now been published in Asia I have written to the Japanese Government in an endeavour to have the work performed as a Cantata there instead of giving it its first performance in Australia. I feel that the sympathy of the work will be more appreciated by a Japanese audience . . .

My congratulations to you on the very high standard of material and the excellent layout and art work of *Eastern Horizon*.

JOHN JOSEPH JONES

Kewdale,
Western Australia

FROM PROF DR KOLMAN, PRAGUE

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of copies of your journal *Eastern Horizon* which interest us very much. We take this opportunity to suggest a regular exchange of your Journal with our *Filosoficky casopis* which appears 6 times a year. We expect your kind reply in this respect.

PROF DR ARNOST KOLMAN,
Director

Philosophical Institute,
Czechoslovak Academy of Sciences,
Prague 1

EASTERN HORIZON

monthly review

To our New Readers:

A limited number of copies of back issues are still available at our Editorial Offices, 155 Wongneichong Road, Happy Valley, Hong Kong. Place your orders NOW!

Number 1 includes:

- | | |
|----------------|---|
| Joseph Needham | <i>The Dialogue of Europe and Asia</i> |
| A. C. Scott | <i>Cheongsam: Invention of the Devil?</i> |
| Mulk Raj Anand | <i>The Brothers (a short story)</i> |

Number 2 includes:

- | | |
|----------------|-------------------------------------|
| Han Suyin | <i>Social Changes in Asia</i> |
| Edmund Blunden | <i>China in English Literature</i> |
| G. M. Glaskin | <i>The Gollywog (a short story)</i> |

Number 3 includes:

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|---------------|--------------------------------------|
| Herbert Read | <i>Transformation in China</i> |
| Takeshi Saito | <i>Meeting of Different Cultures</i> |
| K. A. Abbas | <i>The Boy who Moved a Mountain</i> |

Number 4 includes:

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|-------------------|--|
| Keith M. Buchanan | <i>Understanding Asia</i> |
| Li Ko-jan | <i>On Landscape Painting</i> |
| S. C. Edirisinghe | <i>Dance and Magic Drama in Ceylon</i> |

Number 5 includes:

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|---------------------|---------------------------------------|
| A Modern Marco Polo | <i>An Asian Views Life in Britain</i> |
| John Blofeld | <i>Ch'an, Zen or Dhyāna</i> |
| Robin Maneely | <i>The Discovery of Peking Man</i> |

Numbers 6/7 includes:

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|----------------|----------------------------------|
| Joseph Needham | <i>Archaeology in China</i> |
| Edmund Blunden | <i>An Oriental Paradise Lost</i> |
| Cheng Chen-to | <i>Sung Dynasty Painting</i> |

Number 8 includes:

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|-----------------|------------------------------------|
| Dana Stovickova | <i>What is Acupuncture?</i> |
| Lewis Bush | <i>Sightseeing (a short story)</i> |
| Frederick Joss | <i>Search for Jin-Song</i> |

Number 9 includes:

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------------------------------|
| Cedric Belfrage | <i>Cuban Impressions</i> |
| A Doctor | <i>Stress and its Relief</i> |
| Husein Rofé | <i>Oriental Appreciation of Noses</i> |

EASTERN DIARY

We have a 'new Columbus' (or another Modern Marco Polo?) now that Yuri Alekseyevich Gagarin ('Gaga') has made a triumphant voyage into space in the world's first spaceship, *Vostok* (East). He took a trip of 26,000 miles around the world in 108 minutes, and returned safely.

April 12, 1961 will be remembered as an important date in the history of man's exploration into the cosmos and distant worlds.

Here is the story of 'Gaga' in his own words:

April 12, 1961, 9:07 a.m.—Take-off: 'The flight is proceeding normally. I see the earth in haze . . . My, it is beautiful. I saw for the first time with my eyes the earth's spherical shape. It is possible to see the remarkable change from the light surface of the earth to the black sky. The sun is tens of times brighter than on earth.'

9:22 a.m.—Over South America: 'Every thing working perfectly. Pressing on . . . All my thoughts were directed to carrying out the program of the flight.'

10:55 a.m. Over Africa: 'The flight is normal. I withstand weightlessness well . . . It became easier to do everything. One's legs, arms weighed nothing. Objects floated in the cabin. I ate and drank and everything occurred just as on earth.'

10:30 a.m.—Over U.S.S.R.: 'Visibility good; one can see everything. Some areas are covered with clouds . . . I could see clearly the big squares of collective farms. It was possible to tell plowed land from meadows.'

10:55 a.m.—Landing: 'Please report to the party and government and personally to Nikita Khrushchev that the landing was normal. I feel well, have no injuries or bruises.'

Yes, this is indeed 'the greatest scientific achievement in the history of man,' as commented Sir Bernard Lovell, director of the Jodrell Bank radio telescope in England.

Cedric Belfrage's 'Cuban Impressions' published in the March issue of this magazine has enjoyed a very warm reception among our readers. In this issue we are proud of being able to publish a newsletter from this veteran British journalist who is now in Havana, and I am glad to announce that Mr. Belfrage has kindly promised to write newsletters to *EASTERN HORIZON* from wherever he is.

Incidentally, Kingsley Martin, former Editor of the London *New Statesman*, returned recently from an extensive journey in Cuba and is writing about Fidel Castro's Cuba. I came across this in his report in the current *New Statesman*:

'The almost complete failure of the invasion force last week to rally support in the island suggests that very few Cubans responded to the propaganda from Miami. I should say that a great majority believe in the agrarian reforms and are unaffectedly delighted to see US companies thrown out of Cuba. No doubt things will have been changed as a result of invasion. But I was impressed, when I was there a month ago, by the contrast between the savage posters demanding the firing squad for traitors and the general friendliness of the people. One US journalist there told me that he asked a Cuban how they came to be so agreeable to him when they were so violent about Yankees. The Cuban replied: "You don't look like United Fruit".'

'United Fruit' is the name of an American monopoly business that was in Cuba. The difference of one word makes so much difference.

'The water drops, the ants eat the fish. The water rises, the fish eat the ants. So it is better to love than to hate.' Thus a very interesting old Laotian proverb.

Laos, very often reputed as the 'Land of Leisure', is a charming and beautiful country, and the Laotians are a peaceful people—they have never fought an aggressive war. As an Indian writer pointed out, 'they are far from simple, but, in this over-complicated world, they have managed to retain a sure touch on the fundamentals of living and a miraculously unruffled approach of life.'

Well, let's see what's going on in the once quiet Buddhist country. The *Time* Magazine reports on April 7:

Rain was falling on Laos last week. The nights were cold, the war was bogged down in mud, and only the Americans were doing any work.

Five hundred U.S. Marines unpacked their gear at Udorn in northeastern Thailand, just 45 miles southwest of Vientiane across the Mekong River. They were equipped with 16 helicopters, ready to help fly men and supplies to the fighting front when and if they were ordered into action. In the Laotian capital of Vientiane, the four helicopters on duty were pocked with bullet holes and their U.S. civilian pilots, flying under contract to the Laotian government, were badly over-worked.

One converted World War II bomber was busy hauling supplies—cement, rice and nails—for a village self-help program that the U.S. hoped would win some friends. Old CO-47s ferried arms, food, cigarettes and beer that floated down by orange and white parachutes wherever a royal army contingent could be spotted through the clouds.

Luck ran out for one U.S. embassy C-47 on an observation mission, which ran into a hail of ground fire and crashed. The U.S. gave seven crew members up for dead, the first U.S. casualties of the Laotian war. The only survivor—an Army major—was reported a prisoner of the Communists.

With no cease-fire assured, the U.S. got a guerilla operation of its own going in Laos. The main recruits: anti-Communist Meo tribesmen, a rugged breed who live only above 2,000 ft., raise opium and Husky-like white dogs. (Standing advice to U.S. pilots: 'If you're shot down, find yourself a Meo and hang onto him for dear life. Those little guys will save your hide') Last week U.S. guerilla warfare experts, members of a new outfit called the Liaison Training and Advisory Group helicoptered into mountain valleys behind the enemy lines, where Meo

tribesmen gathered as many as 400 strong to greet their new weapons and instructors. The Meo's Colonel Vang Phao now runs a mortar and rifle range in the mountains with U.S. help.

Earlier this year, the B.B.C. of London broadcasted a series of talks on China's artistic, economic and technological progress. The speakers included Sir Herbert Read, Sir Hugh Casson, Hung-Ying Bryan, Richard Harris, Nicholas Wollaston and many others. I think our readers would be particularly interested in some remarks made by Herbert Read, a leading critic of arts. Here are some examples:

'They have a great respect for the artist: he has probably a better financial and social position in China than any other profession or trade. He has a basic security which comes from perhaps teaching or working for a publisher; and in addition he gets a royalty on reproductions and even the proceeds from private exhibitions. He is essentially a professional artist.'

'I think the Chinese answer to "modernism" is to go back to their tradition, which they feel is not only rich enough to include what we call modernism, but far more expressive. In their 3,000 years of artistic development they find all modes of expression which are necessary.'

In their discussion, Sir Herbert asked: 'Would you say, Casson, that from a cultural point of view, one has confidence in the future of China?' Sir Hugh replied: 'I think so, perhaps because one has such confidence in her past. One feels that a nation with such deep-rooted love of the arts implanted in every single member of the community cannot have anything but an encouraging future.'

Many of the speakers in the programme had visited China in recent years and seen with their own eyes.

Recently I came across a new book called *Your Personal Mark Twain*, and I found in it a very interesting story entitled 'We are Americanising Europe'. Below is a gist of the story:

An organization that called itself the End of the Earth Club held a banquet, at which its chairman, a retired regular army officer, proclaimed in a loud voice and with fervency, 'We are of the Anglo-Saxon race, and when the Anglo-Saxon wants a thing *he just takes it*.'

Those present (about 100 persons, including lawyers, bankers, merchants, manufacturers, journalists, politicians, soldiers and sailors) were so taken with admiration that the utterance was applauded to the echo, because, as the humourist explains, the saying revealed the private morals to the public view, their public motto being 'In God we trust'.

Mark Twain also tells us that 'We imported our imperialism from monarchical Europe, also our curious notions of patriotism . . . and in return for these we have taught Europe many lessons since', such as 'the interviewer', 'extravagant imposts', 'the art of poisoning the world for cash', the best way to work the widow and orphan for profit' as well as 'Yellow Journalism'.

'Steadily', concluded the great American humourist, 'persistently, and continuously, we are Americanising Europe . . .'

After an elapse of 50 years after the death of the author does not the saying still hold true? Perhaps we have only to change the word 'Europe' into 'the world.'

Mr Martin Hürlimann, a Swiss publish-

er passed through Hong Kong last week on his fourth visit to Asia. He has recently published a book called *Traveller in the Orient*. It contains many beautiful photographs in colour, and in black and white.

Unlike most tourists, Mr Hürlimann seems to be a pretty keen observer, and often perceives things other than in a superficial way. To sum up his opinion about Asia he has the following to say:

' . . . But the intellectuals look to Marx and Lenin for guidance, and elsewhere for dollars, to master the problems crowding in upon them; industrialisation can not come quickly enough for them. Centuries of delay are to be made up for by dams, afforestation, and new methods of agriculture. The days of feudalism are numbered, and in the last colonies the suitcases are already packed.'

We would like only to add that dollars so sought and given have seldom, as facts have sufficiently proved, resulted in the betterment of the people of a nation but in the creation of a few new millionaires and the tighter grasp of the nation by the endower.

Mr. Hürlimann finally raised the question: 'Will they (the Asian nations) with their ability and vitality once more become the tool of foreign interests or will they make others conscious of their ascendancy?' This question, we are convinced, will be decided on whether a nation really wants to work out her own fate through determined self-efforts or allows herself to depend upon dollars from the hands of others who often have a different aim in view for the money thus doled out.

Liu Peng-ju

ON MANY HORIZONS *news and views*

Pronunciation

In his news conference last night President Kennedy referred to Laos as Lay'-ahs. Reporters asking the questions called it Louse, one syllable.

A call to the Laotian Embassy brought this response from the Charge d'Affaires: 'No, no, no! Not Lay'-ahs. Louse as in house'.

UPI, Washington, March 24

S. Korean Premier—Rhee II

About 30,000 people today staged a spectacular anti-Government rally and demonstration outside Taegu railway station.

The crowds likened Prime Minister Chang Myon to Syngman Rhee, using their effigies especially made for the rally.

Speaker after speaker voiced strong opposition to Premier Chang's anti-communist and anti-demonstration bills and warned they will overthrow the Chang Government in exactly the same way as they did the Rhee regime, if he enacts the bills.

The demonstrators had prepared two black-painted coffins each for Premier Chang Myon and Justice Minister Cho Jai-chon and were reportedly planning to burn them. But a group of unidentified intruders crept into the rally and made away with them.

AFP, Taegu, March 24

Canon Collins in USA

Canon John Collins, Precentor of St Paul's Cathedral and Chairman of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, is in the United States. He wants to find three distinguished Americans who are prepared to take part in a small, unofficial peace conference with representatives from Britain, Russia, Western Europe, and the neutrals.

'My aim,' he said, 'is to see whether non-statesmen can find out what really separates East and West, and how we can resolve our differences.'

And while he is here Canon Collins intends to advise Liberal-minded Americans on how they can organise Aldermaston-style demonstrations against nuclear weapons.

S. C. *Sunday Post-Herald*, London, March, 26,

Afro-Asian writers meet

About 100 writers from Afro-Asian countries today opened a three-day meeting to discuss international problems and the exchange of culture. The meeting was sponsored by the Afro-Asian Writers Bureau.

Reuter, Tokyo, March 28

Laughter in Laos

The practical jokers, who for the time being style themselves like the Laotian Government, are not taken seriously even by their own *entourage*. When Boun Oum's 'Minister of Information', Bouavan Norasing, announced that Communist divisions and battalions had invaded Laos, those present are reported to have burst out into uncontrollable laughter. After this international bombshell had exploded, the Boun Oum administration admitted that it had invented this news 'purely for internal propaganda.' Its jokes seem to have gone too far even for Washington, although the Vientiane regime is the living and expensive outcome of US efforts . . .

Eastern World, London, March

Absolute Democracy?

The world is looking with interest on King Mahendra's experiment in 'true democracy' So far, his record in consolidating and founding democracy by all means which his latest proclamation announced as his aim, is really formidable: all political parties have been banned; the will of the electorate has been flouted as only three out of the nine newly appointed ministers represent the Nepali Congress which swept the elections, while politicians who did not get a single vote but lost their deposits are well represented; the two leading newspapers of Nepal have been suppressed and the remaining ones warned that the same fate expects them if they dare to criticise the King's policy. Why anyone should expect them to be critical is a mystery, as we have it from no less unbiased source than King Mahendra himself that 'the Royal action has been wholeheartedly welcomed throughout the country.'

Eastern World, London, March

Pickpockets, Beware of Women!

A would-be pickpocket snatched the purse from a young woman in this Japanese cultured pearl centre and took to his heels pursued by the angry female.

Trapped, he leaped into the sea. Spectators were dumbfounded when the theft victim stripped off her clothing and plunged in after the pickpocket. They were even more amazed when the woman emerged from the sea dragging the thief by the collar.

Only then did the pickpocket realise his mistake. He had picked on one of the veteran woman divers working on pearl farms in the area.

UPI, Shima, April 3

All Quiet in the Mekong Delta

I am almost ashamed to report after a 48-hour search in the Mekong Delta that I found no fighting, and heard nothing more frightening than the ear-splitting clash of a temple gong. Instead of dodging bullets, I was camped peacefully among hundreds of storks and their babies in this city of pagodas in the heart of the worst terrorist area.

But that there is terror seems real enough. Only an hour ago I talked with a villager who claimed he had beheaded a Communist and carried the head through swamps studded with man-traps to collect a £5 sterling bounty on it. But as far as I'm concerned guerilla bands remained obstinately invisible as a ghost army in the swamps.

A lot of people told me a lot of terrifying things but they all sounded untrue and I left the delta with a strong suspicion that I had been used, along with other correspondents, as a gimmick to sway tens of thousands of voters in the current (South Vietnam) presidential election in the area.

Donald Seaman reports from Phu Vinh,
S. Vietnam, London Express Service,
April 5

World Table Tennis Championships

China tonight wrested the Swaythling Cup, emblem of the men's Table Tennis World Championships, from Japan.

They won a hard-fought, see-saw battle by five matches to three to end a run by Japan of five successive victories in the final.

The Corbillion Cup for women stays in the hands of Japan. They beat the Chinese girls 3-2 in another tough final.

Earlier today, both Japan and China had beaten Hungary in play-offs in the final

Swaythling Cup series. Japan won 5-2, and China 5-1. In the Corbillion Cup play-offs, Rumania went down 3-0, but put up a better display against China, losing 2-3.

Reuter, Peking, April 9

Noel-Baker on Disarmament

Unless there is disarmament, there will be war, Nobel Peace Prize winner Philip J. Noel-Baker said yesterday.

Noel-Baker, British statesman and author, said he felt all the present crises are 'largely connected with the arms race, if not largely caused by it.' He is attending the Massachusetts institute of Technology Centennial.

Noel-Baker, who won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1959 and then contributed most of his \$42,000 award to the battle for disarmament, said he felt Soviet Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev is trying very hard to work for co-existence though people talk a lot about his January speech saying Russia would support war of liberation of colonial peoples striving for independence.

Noel-Baker said he could not admit there were going to be any wars of liberation.

In connection with the Laos fighting, he said Britain did not make its peace proposal quickly enough.

UPI, Cambridge, Mass., USA, April, 14

The First Spaceman Back on Earth

The Soviet Union today sent the first man into space, aboard a giant sputnik weighing four-and-three quarter tons, and brought back to the earth at the predetermined point in the USSR.

The world's first spaceman, 27-year-old pilot Major Yuri Alekseyevich Gagarin in a statement on landing given by the Soviet news agency Tass said: 'Tell the Party, the Government and Mr. Khrushchev personally that the landing was effected normally.' The spaceman said he suffered no injuries or bruises and was feeling well.

Reuter, Moscow, April 12

Hong Kong's Population Over 3 Millions

Hong Kong's population is a few hundred more than 3,120,414 people, according to the 'crude figures' released by the Census Commissioner yesterday. Of this total, 1,601,921 are males and 1,518,493 females.

South China Morning Post (Hong Kong)
April 20

Heavy Rain Breaks Drought in China

Heavy rain fell overnight and continued today in the Peking area where spring agricultural work has been hampered by lack of moisture.

On a recent railway trip through China, I found that many parts of the country—particularly South and Central China—had considerable spring rain recently and crops appeared to be flourishing. But a wide belt of the North China plain on both sides of the Yellow River is still tinderly dry. The mighty river, known as 'China's Sorrow' due to frequent flooding, is now only a shallow stream in the centre. Some other rivers in the vast North China plain are completely dried up.

Reuter, Peking, March 25

Japanese Firms to Participate in Canton Fair

Japan will be participating in the Canton fair in China for the first time, trading circle said today.

Eleven Japanese trading firms having business relations with China have recently received invitations from Peking to take part in the fair, the circles reported.

The fair is held twice a year in the spring and autumn and is China's show window to foreign countries.

More than 50 countries, including West European nations, are reported to have been invited to participate.

AFP, Tokyo, March 28

Mr Rusk's Breakfast

Employees of the Palm Beach Towers Hotel swear this happened:

On Saturday morning, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, then here for a conference with President Kennedy, ordered breakfast sent up to his suite.

A waiter arrived bearing a heavy tray of food. He entered the suite and while standing to see where the Secretary wanted breakfast served, the waiter reached inside his starched white jacket for the bill.

A Federal security agent with Rusk, alert for possible foul play, went for his revolver. The waiter went rigid with fear and Secretary Rusk's breakfast, tray and all, crashed to the floor.

UPI, Palm Beach, April 3

20,000 Britons Join Protest March

Approximately 20,000 Britons who want the country to renounce its atomic weapons today headed for a mammoth rally in the heart of London to wind up a three-day protest march.

In two columns—estimated to total more than 13,000—the marchers stepped out from West and East London on the last five mile leg.

They were converging on Trafalgar Square where a crowd estimated at up to 100,000 was expected to see the conclusion of the 55-mile protest marches and hear speeches.

The demonstration was under the sponsorship of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, which on February 18 staged protests against the US Holy Loch base in Scotland for Polaris submarine.

The marchers included old men, women pushing baby carriages and even two honeymooners—Mr. Leslie Duck, and his bride, Maureen.

The ranks were swelled by 400 West Germans and demonstrators from 36 other countries including the United States and Japan.

One group of marches which began at Aldermaston—site of Britain's nuclear research center—slept in schools at Turnham Green in the West London area. The other wing spent the night in Stretford after setting out from Wethersfield, where the US Air Force maintains a NATO facility.

UPI, London, April 3

No More Nudity without Art

The Government has ordered a clean-up of nightclubs, cinemas and film-making companies which are exploiting sex.

Ministers have expressed concern that nightclub performances laden with sex are becoming increasingly popular in the capital.

Authorities have decided that scantily-clad dancers offering nudity with art will be tolerated to satisfy the tourist trade. But no more nudity without art.

Police General Sa-ard Rajatapakorn gave details of a ruse used by film importers to get lewd Japanese films past the censors.

He said two copies of a film were imported, one innocuous, the other a more inflammatory version. The first version was sent for censorship while the other was shown to the public.

The Government also complains that some foreign film companies had made films in Thailand with plots 'damaging to the reputation of Thailand.'

AP, Bangkok, April 3

Yoga and Mental Stress

A Doctor

The chief difference between the Indian concept of mental stress and its relief or cure, and the Western concept, lies in this: that in the Indian system the main emphasis is on self-relief and self-cure *without* the aid or adjunct of drugs, *without* the verbal communication with the other person, which is the distinguishing feature of western psychiatric methods.

This, I believe, stems from the attitude towards the individual in Indian philosophy.

In the scientific cultures of Europe and America the individual whose organs are precision instruments can be subjected to the same analytical processes as other natural phenomena subject to scientific laws. Experiment always involves two elements, the investigator and the object investigated. It is therefore logical that the investigator should probe and question and try to bring to the surface in the object investigated, here the human being, whatever submerged factors may be the primary cause of disturbance of function.

In India it is not so. The individual is not subject to scientific but to metaphysical miracle. He is part of the Supreme Consciousness, the goal of his life self-realization, awareness of himself as part of a cosmic whole. Each individual can only 'liberate' himself through self-effort, and not through being 'understood' by

others. The Supreme Consciousness, by definition limitless, can be integrated into self only by 'plunging within the self'; in other words, by the mind withdrawing even further into itself instead of being 'exteriorized' through the questioning of others.

From this initial difference in viewpoint stems the whole difference of attitude towards what is called in Europe stress. In the Indian system *all life is stress*; pain, grief, joy, pleasure, happiness, are alike in that they are merely an endless succession of illusory appearances, and the only reality is Nothingness, which is also supreme conscious awareness.

This 'Way of thought' was unreal enough, however, to allow the social order to develop into a rigid hierarchized system. It is a paradox (often enough encountered to become a rule) that the more ethereal and contradictory to reality as encountered in the environment the 'spiritual belief', the more often it allows for the most flagrantly inhibitive and anti-human customs and mores in day to day life. The caste hierarchy of India, at variance with the equality of all human beings in the Supreme Consciousness; the domination of the feudal joint family unit over the individual; to all these frustrating realities, the 'religious response' seems to have been an escape into belief that the cycle of life was to be endured as an exercise towards spiritual

liberation, as life itself walks relentlessly towards release from the torment of 'illusion' towards the reality which is non-existence in the individual sense, but supreme existence in the sense of Oneness with the Collective Spirit.

Stress and strain, frustration and pain, are therefore not 'abnormal' as in the West, but the normal concomitants of living. There is no question of inhibiting these normal feelings, acceptance is far better, and no guilt is attached to the violent exteriorization of these frustrations as is the case in Europe. On the contrary, many of the holy oddities one encounters in India may possibly be explained as obsessional activities; elsewhere the actors would be in a mental institution, in India they are worshipped as saints.

There is possibly much to be said for a society in which mental aberrations are not regarded with horror and disgust but as manifestations of holiness; communities where a great latitude of conduct is extended to the individual in exteriorizing frustrations. To a Western observer, however, where 'rational conduct' is primarily useful productive activity, this tolerance appears inordinate. But it seems to me a reasonable explanation of the kinds of behaviour commonly seen in India. In any culture there are accepted behaviour patterns, not only 'normal' but also 'abnormal'; and the word abnormal has to be reassessed for each cultural milieu, since what may be normal in one may be aberrant, delinquent, even rouse the utmost hostility in another. Recent studies on abnormal behaviour among African societies bear out this point, and to measure 'behaviour' and its social implications in another culture by Western standards becomes misleading and dangerous.

In Ayurvedic medicine (still practised over eighty per cent of the Indian continent and by the majority of its peoples, sometimes in conjunction with a trip to the Western type of doctor)

the idea of stress is not only accepted but is paramount. A complete ignorance of germs, viruses, etc., a belief in the 'essential humours' of the body, following the medieval system of 'hot' and 'cold' substances, of 'soft' and 'hard' qualities, and the pre-eminence of the 'astral' or super-physical body over the gross, material body, combine to make the Ayurvedic doctor, like the Christian Scientist, a total believer in the control of mind over matter.

The primary requisite when consulting an Ayurvedic physician is faith; if you do not believe in him, then it is nearly impossible to proceed. Trust is an essential part of the cure.

Visits to Ayurvedic clinics are always fascinating to watch. They are frequented not only by the poor and the non-westernized, but often by very wealthy and western educated people who have a tendency, in India as in China, not to forego belief in one system of cure while employing also the other, thus doing what is described picturesquely in China as 'walking on two legs', employing the remedies of both cultures.

The patient at the clinic does not speak to the physician, neither does the physician speak to him. As a matter of fact, asking questions about the illness is a sign that the doctor is 'incompetent'. No word is exchanged. The Ayurvedic doctor, like his Chinese physician counterpart, spends a long time taking the patient's pulses, right and left; he also puts his hand on the brow, the limbs, the body, 'feeling' the disease through manual contact. He may ask to see the tongue, but that is all. The examination takes some time, the physician 'instinctivates', gets 'en rapport' with his patient through a kind of telepathic, or extra sensory perception, in Ayurvedic and in Chinese medicine too.

We here confine ourselves to Ayurvedic treatment of diseases which are produced by 'the humours', i.e. choler, grief, anxiety; in other words, psychoso-

matic or functional disorders. These are a well recognized entity, and in nearly all cases the Ayurvedic doctor will prescribe religious ceremonies, or rituals of washing, walking, or performance of actions, to be performed as a routine over a prolonged period of time (from three weeks to three months), certain restrictions in diet, spiritual and often physical exercises such as are embodied in the tenets of yoga.

There are any number of interpretations of yoga, and here we shall adhere to yoga as practised for the relief of mental stress. This is well recognized, for yogic physical exercises, for instance, CANNOT be practised by people in a poor state of health, they are *essentially* for people suffering from too great a pressure from the 'illusory' world. The practise of yoga for the attainment of spiritual liberation as a goal is well known; but this includes the relief of functional disorders.

There are four paths to yoga, to suit people of four kinds of temperament, and all are 'complementary' to each other.

I have interviewed over the past two years over a hundred and fifty practising students of yoga, in each case the first question asked being: Why did you take up yoga? Of these hundred and fifty cases there were a hundred and thirty-two Asians and eighteen Europeans. Of the eighteen Europeans twelve had taken up yoga exercises as a kind of slimming gymnastics, six because they had been told it relieved tension; fourteen of them (including two of the six) had given it up after a year or so, finding it too difficult. Of the one hundred and thirty-two Asians, ninety had persisted two years or more in yoga, none had taken it up as a means of reducing body weight, all gave answers amounting to saying that they had taken up yoga for relief of mental stress, 'to better myself spiritually', 'because my child died and I felt so unhappy', 'I was always nervous and jittery' and 'I had headaches, no

concentration, I was losing my memory', 'I couldn't sleep' etc.; sixty-four out of ninety of these were men; the twenty-six women when interviewed complained of 'headache' (eight), 'general unhappiness' (twelve); two of them declared that they were 'afraid of getting old' and had heard that yoga restored youth and that was the reason they took it up; three women took up yoga after severe mental trauma, one the loss of a husband, the other a broken engagement, and the death of an only son. One did it because she wanted to keep fit as a dancer.

The other forty-two Asians denied any valid reason for taking up yoga, but said that they had tried and enjoyed it, and it kept them fit, and so on.

None of those interviewed made any claims to supernatural achievements or aims. None of the Asian men interviewed claimed an increase of virility, though a few (eight) said they were 'less bothered by sex dreams'. Perhaps they were not 'professional yogis' such as those semi-religious exhibitionists of yoga met with in India. They were all what one would describe as lower-middle or middle class people with jobs, clerks, typists, teachers, students, etc., essentially 'normal' people who were aware of a certain mental strain and took up yoga for relief.

An overwhelming majority (eighty-four) of those interviewed declared themselves 'much better', some said that they now always felt 'full of energy' and 'very happy'. Of the Europeans who had persisted, most of them gave the same answer. One man, an English banker, who had practised yoga some ten years before but given it up for lack of time, averred that it had 'changed his whole life' because it had made him less tense, more tolerant, and that although he did not practise it any more 'the habit of relaxation had stayed' with him.

It seems to us that, discounting the mystic and supernatural claims for yoga, there is no reason to belittle its efficiency

in cases of mental strain amounting to physical disturbance, if this sample study is of any validity. None of the Asians interviewed took any drugs, sleeping pills, or had been psycho-analyzed or resorted to any other remedy. 'I sleep well' was one of the most common answers of those who practised yoga for more than two years. 'I can do my work without feeling tired' was another almost invariable reply.

Let us now see what the Ayurvedic physicians say of yoga. To begin with, no two physicians of the seven interviewed have quite the same explanation; one is therefore obliged to write down only what is common to all of them in their elucidation of yoga.

Yoga means union, implies a linkage; this linkage is between the individual and the 'universe' or Supreme Consciousness or God; NO OTHER PERSON IS REQUIRED. On the contrary, another person can only 'interfere' and 'deviate' the linkage between the human being and the Collective Consciousness.

All the features of yoga should be practised together. They are: relaxation, contemplation, control of breath, and physical exercises for control of the body and *all* its organs through the autonomic nervous system.

Relaxation includes mind and body, and is taught and regarded as one of the most important features in the relief of disease and the promotion of well-being. Conscious relaxation takes practice. Usually there are no adjuncts such as dimmed rooms, music, etc. etc. (as used in China today, for instance). A 'yoga room' is recommended, but for those who cannot have a room of their own 'any place will do'. It is emphasized that it is all a question of will and pin-pointing the mind. 'A true yogi can relax in a room full of brawls'.

Contemplation is very important, and comes after relaxation is achieved. In contemplation the mind 'dips into itself'. Self-containment and self-under-

standing are the aim; the mind dwells on pleasant things; tries to focus on one of the aspects of nature, or on the qualities of the divine. Everything falls into place, and small irritations and personal imbalance wither away.

Contemplation can only be successful if, at the same time, the practising layman also does right thinking and right living; the Ayurvedic medical texts are also moral exhortations to right conduct, the chief among the qualities to be arrived at being unselfishness, compassion, and love towards all fellow human beings.

The physical exercises of yoga are only a part of yoga, and they are designed to achieve this unity and harmony between body and soul which will permit control of the mind over the material body.

Briefly stated, the 'physical' part of yoga is thus expounded.

Man is a microcosm, all things in the universe also exist in the body, 'all worlds are within me'. The body is dual, consisting of an 'astral' or spiritual component, which occupies, dwells, or is manifested in size and shape and occupation of space by the material body. Each organ in the material body has its spiritual counterpart.

The essence of the exercises and contemplation-relaxation is to 'get hold' of the material body. In the body the spine is very important, being the container of the nervous system; along it are five regions, from which emanate five plexuses. A plexus is an area where there is interlacing of nerves, arteries, veins, in a complex. These plexuses have corresponding 'astral' plexuses, called 'Chakras.' The most important of these chakras corresponds to the solar plexus, in the abdomen (here Ayurvedic anatomy becomes most vague, and this plexus is said to be situated sometimes lower down, in the cauda equina, sometimes higher up, twelve inches up from the anus).

The material body has a system of arteries, veins, capillaries and fine nerves

running all over and into every organ; likewise the astral body has fine channels or conduits, carrying psychic currents invisible to the naked eye. Their number varies from seventy-five thousand to three million (Ayurvedic physicians still argue over this). These Nadis make one think of the 'acupuncture channels' described in Chinese medicine, of which we shall write later, except that in Chinese lore there are three hundred and sixty-five 'skin orifices' for these channels, and this is not mentioned in Ayurvedic medicine. The nadis run most profusely along the sympathetic and parasympathetic chains; and into and out of the spinal column. Control, therefore, must be exerted there, and from thence will spread to all parts of the body.

It is quite certain that a good deal of control over the autonomous nervous system by conscious, directed will, is achieved by practitioners of yoga; examples are very numerous, and even hostile witnesses have testified to voluntary slowing of the pulse etc. etc., achieved through conscious effort. It seems to us that this depends a good deal on the individual, and that more scientific investigation along these lines is required.

Control of breathing, which is part of this process of conscious control of autonomic function, is of great importance

in yoga practises. It is combined with contemplation, and with meditation. I have seen many cases in which the breath rate after a few minutes of contemplation went down to two a minute, and this was maintained for forty minutes or more, apparently without effort. Abdominal breathing is also emphasized, and is also a feature of the Chinese form of relief from tension.

Although the exaggerated claims to eternal youth, supernatural feats, etc. of yoga are to be discounted, yet a method of relief from tension which has been practised for several centuries, and which today is still practised, with beneficial effects, should be given its due. To shrug off its benefits does not seem wise, especially at a time when the outpatient departments of so many hospitals in the West are inundated with sufferers from mental strain, who could possibly benefit, much more easily and cheaply, from the practise of self-understanding without expensive (and dubiously beneficial) pills and with less involvement in prolonged and just as expensive psychotherapeutic methods. Possibly a combination of yoga and its approach, streamlined to modern concepts, together with the inter-human approach of psycho-psychiatry, might prove beneficial and also efficient in many cases.

Jasim Uddin

Three Poems from Bengal

I

The old year's last month is passed
 In strong heat, the first of the new
 Is now crackling under the sun.
 Not one water-drop oozes from the sky
 To slake the thirst of the field.
 The farmer, the cow, the seeds
 Lie idle in the dust, the ploughshare waits,
 Baked and coated with rust.
 The wood-splitting sun burns field and house,
 A whirling smoke of dust wheels in the air.
 The world is utterly empty; no man is there,
 No sign of living thing in the land,
 On the road. In the heat, to move, to walk,
 Makes even breathing difficult.
 Like dry wood when fire is set to it
 The dry hillocks of the earth
 Would burn with the flames of hell.
 The wayside shrine is flooded with milk
 And offerings of food . . .
 The village people send up the long chant
 Of the song to bring the rain.
 Still the water does not come;
 The sky is void, innocent of cloud;
 In its breast of cruel blue a furnace blazes;
 The hawk screeches with the voice of death
 As if the herald of destruction were blowing
 His terrible horn . . .

—from *The Field of the Embroidered Quilt*

2

Today the sun is sleeping behind the clouds
 And flowers are weaving dreams beside the water.
 In the still branches of the rain-soaked trees
 Small petals are opening out their faces

And looking through raindrops at the new buds.
 A girl is laughing ecstasically with delight
 In the rains. Overflowing from her lips
 Her joy re-echoes in the trees of the forest.
 On a little path the deluge of rain makes a river
 Whose tiny course carries away the old leaves

...
 The men of the village have come to the headman's house.
 Heaven only knows what stories and tunes they'll fill
 the day with.

One sits chiselling a bamboo, another plaits a rope,
 And someone else is mending the wheel of his bullock cart.
 There's one who paints flowers on walking sticks,
 And another carving a fine bamboo flute for himself.
 In the middle of them all sits the old man of the village
 Telling the story of Amir the Saint, telling it with

all his heart.

—from *The Ripening Paddy*

...

3

By the roadside, beckoning with its swaying shoots,
 There stands my paddy, loveable in green and yellow.
 The stalks of rice now embrace each other, now recoil,
 And in their midst a flock of parrots is standing.

As I stand proudly in my paddy field
 I feel as if my head could touch the sky;
 My chest swells and I'm free to speak my mind,
 To do whatever I like, uncaring about the world.

There's no law, no master and subject, no punishment here;
 The paddy dances for joy in the field, and I'm its king.
 I can stand in its midst and tell it all my sorrows,
 The hard times of the heat and the times of the great rains.

In the morning the golden light, in evening the shades,
 Seem to cast their nets over the field, as if to carry it off.
 At night when dew falls the paddy is decked like a girl
 with pearls,
 And glow-worms dangle from every shoot like the lamps
 of stars.

—from *The Paddy Field*

Translated from Bengali
 by Nigel Cameron and Amin-Ul Islam



Ch'i Pai-shih (round 1927).

poesy. Chinese art has always aimed at conveying a certain thought and being the vehicle of a certain social tendency. Its main concern is not, as many people imagine, with a pictorial language or handwriting.

It is obvious, however, even to the layman, that the painter's command of the morphology of this language and the certainty with which he transposes his definitive compositional conception to the pictorial space must have been preceded by studies or other preparatory work. And this, too, in the case of the greatest artists. Even for Europeans living many years in China this was always something of a mystery, because Chinese painters in the national style never exhibited or published their sketches, studies or cartoons, nor did they ever show them to anyone. It took me a long time to discover that the preparatory studies that precede each work is for the Chinese painter a deeply private matter, a kind of secret alchemy, which it is not advisable to bring out into the light of day. I learned also that Chinese painters devote

a great deal of their time and energy to this work. And for me it was an extremely important discovery.

The secrecy surrounding this aspect of painting is no doubt due to a number of reasons. Perhaps it was partly a legacy from the old China, when rivalry and sharp competition caused the painter to look upon his sketch or cartoon as a secret document to be carefully guarded and eventually destroyed. For this reason, too, very little of this material has survived. Sketches and cartoons naturally revealed much more about the painter's method of work, technique and approach than the finished work. These 'craft' reasons and also a certain diffidence about 'unfinished' art made themselves felt throughout whole millennia, as a result of which these preparatory sketches were excluded from the domain of recognized and evaluable art and remained the artist's private tool. It need hardly be stressed how great a loss this has been for Chinese art.

My first acquaintance with the sketches, studies and cartoons of Chinese painters was due to mere chance. We had gone to visit Ch'i Pai-shih, but the master happened to be somewhere in the town and we had to wait for his return. The caretaker asked us to sit down in his little room, the walls of which were covered to the last inch with photographs and pictures by Ch'i Pai-shih. Most of them were small sketches and studies, which the master had evidently left lying about or thrown out. On scraps of the thin paper *hsien-chih* were Chinese ink drawings of various landscape and figural motifs, but most of them were drawings of flowers, birds, beetles, fish and crabs. On or beside the drawing were the master's notes about the colour or details of the object, about the habits or characteristics of plant or animal, about the personal experiences or circumstances in which the sketch arose. The greatest number of sketches and studies were found, however, in the master's remains, and a few have been published. Among

them are some notable drawings made on his travels, which the artist kept in his diaries or in his collections of poems. In all this work it is clear that the artist's aim was to record the main characteristics and form of the object, to sketch in the basic compositional design or simply to convey to paper a passing idea or momentary inspiration, and even in the form of a small sketch there is always evident a striving after the artistic organisation of thought and expression. Any essential detail is usually noted in a few words beside the drawing. Often, too, he tried out different variants of some more important part of the picture, such as the head of a figure while the rest was evidently stored up in his remarkable visual memory. Not even those drawings which have been altered or redrawn lose their freshness and spontaneity. In *plein air* painting and in the conveying to paper

in Chinese ink, express with the greatest economy of means the whole and the inner life of what he sees, stripped of all that is superfluous. They are thus live and independent little works whose recent discovery will undoubtedly greatly contribute to a deeper grasp of the mode of thought and method of painting of the greatest modern Chinese painter.

The same, in effect, applies to the drawings of another outstanding Chinese painter, Huang Pin-hung, who died four years ago, at the age of ninety-two. His sketches and studies were also published some time ago in one of the Chinese art magazines. He was known to spend the greater part of his time rambling through the countryside and among the hills, sketching and painting in the open air. And shortly before his death his friends found him at his window, sketch-book in hand, recording his impressions of the first snow



Huang Pin-hung

of a thought or motif on the spur of the moment are reflected the master's extraordinary experience in the practice of his craft, his highly trained memory and powers of observation and the rare faculty of sifting his material and separating the essential from the non-essential. His drawings, and especially his travel sketches

falling on the lovely city of Hangchow. Not less than in his finished pictures, his linear sketches in ink or pencil seize the main character of the atmosphere and of the complex plastic relief of the scenery of the East China lakes and of the Yellow Mountains. In the slightest of these painter's notes, we feel his endeavour to

spiritualise nature and the fascination of the balladic quality with which he endowed it. His drawings reveal, too, with what active mental participation and perceptivity the Chinese artist observes nature and records his personal impressions.

My first encounter with the drawings of the excellent contemporary painter, Li K'u-ch'an was in the form of a crushed holder for fruit. Later Li K'u-ch'an told me that he used his sketches for lighting the fire. Perhaps thanks to our friendship and the fact that he had once been, for a short while, a pupil of our Czech Prof. Chytil at the old Peking Academy, I was allowed one day to rummage in his huge heap of sketches and studies. There were studies of cormorants, eagles, quail, fish, lotus flowers, pines and bamboos. I was carried away by the freedom, bravura and freshness of these sketches, but at the same time filled with regret at the thought that things of such artistic value should, for the most part, be lost. Later I was able to see the preparatory work of Lo Min, Wu Ching-ting and other painters of *kuo-hua*. Sometimes, however, it seemed to me that these seemingly simple little drawings are, in their directness and spontaneity, better than the carefully finished work, which often suffers a loss of these qualities or betrays the over-speculative method of the painter. In such cases, however, the operative factor was not the painter's age, but was implicit in the artistic approach and method of the painter. The contradiction was more marked, as a rule, the more the artist was in the grip of conservative dogmas and mannerisms taken over from the copying of celebrated predecessors and the less he was inspired



Huang Pin-hung

by his personal experience of reality and contemporary life. On the other hand, the development in China of *plein air* painting in recent years has led, in the case of a number of painters, and especially of younger artists, to an empty naturalism and to a cosmopolitanism of expression. Here, however, we cannot speak of Chinese national painting in the proper sense, but only of the use of certain traditional materials, such as Chinese ink and blotting paper. Yet, it is possible to say that the evaluation of the artist's preparatory work and the interest in *plein air* painting in China will undoubtedly help the further and healthier development of the national painting, *kuo-hua*.

Claude Eatherly: a Hiroshima Victim

Robert E. Light

Fourteen years ago Maj. Claude R. Eatherly returned to Texas a war hero. He was acclaimed as the reconnaissance plane pilot who gave the 'go ahead' signals for the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Today he is a patient in the psychiatric ward of the Veterans Administration hospital in Waco, Tex., USA, adjudged 'insane' and committed by a county court.

For a decade Eatherly was racked by the memory of the hundreds of thousands he had helped to kill. He wrote to the survivors of Hiroshima begging forgiveness. At home he rejected the hero's mantle and sought society's punishment by a series of crudely committed crimes from forgery to burglary. When he was committed to the hospital Jan. 14, psychiatrists concluded that he was suffering from a 'guilt complex.' The treatment presumably will be directed toward ridding him of guilt feelings.

But it is clear from Eatherly's writing that he is not 'insane.' He seems to have come to understand what has tormented him and how best to expiate his sin. He said last year that he never expected 'to do another anti-social act again.' He hopes to 'lend influence toward peace, to end nuclear build-up, to safeguard the rights of all people, regardless of race, colour or creed.'

It has been suggested that the Air Force intervened to keep him confined. But there is also a move for reexamination of Eatherly by an international panel of psychiatrists—a move initiated by Austrian philosopher Dr. Guenther Anders.

In 1945 Eatherly was one of a group of 'super-pilots' assembled for a secret mission in the 509th Composite Group on Tinian Island in the Marianas. Each had a top service record and had passed a thorough security check. None knew the precise nature of the assignment.

Newsweek (May 25, 1959) said that Eatherly was 'an enlistment-poster figure then: A tall, sun-burned wavy-haired Texan, care free and convivial on the ground, calm and stable in the air.'

In its decision to drop the bomb, according to the book *No High Ground* by Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey II, the U.S. high command sought a target which would 'include both a military installation and surrounding houses and buildings susceptible to maximum blast damage.' Target cities were limited to Hiroshima, Kokura and Nagasaki, in that order of priority.

At 1:37 a.m. on Aug. 6, 1945, three B-29 weather scout planes took off for the target cities. Eatherly flew the

Straight Flush over Hiroshima with orders to radio the bomb-carrying *Enola Gay* if weather conditions were favourable for a bombing. Only the *Enola Gay* crew knew of the atom bomb; Eatherly knew only that the raid was something special.

At 7:09 a.m. the *Straight Flush* reached Hiroshima. A cloud bank rimmed the city, but there was a clear hole with a diameter of more than ten miles. At 7:25 Eatherly radioed the *Enola Gay*: 'Advice. Bomb Primary.' An hour later the first atomic bomb exploded in anger fell on Hiroshima. *Enola Gay* co-pilot Capt. Robert A. Lewis, on seeing the mushroom cloud, said: 'My God, what have we done?' The answer was later tabulated: 78,150 dead, 37,425 injured, 13,083 missing.

Three days later Eatherly flew the same mission over Nagasaki. He also flew reconnaissance missions over the cities with instruments to record the damage.

Eatherly resigned his commission in 1947, after seven years in service, and returned to Texas. He was acclaimed and publicized as a national hero. But, his wife said, he used to wake up at night screaming, 'Bail out! Bail Out!'

His anguish increased when his wife suffered miscarriages of malformed foetuses in 1947 and 1948. Subsequent tests indicated that many of his sperm cells had become peculiarly malformed.

Two daughters were eventually born to the Eatherlys, one in 1950 and the other in 1954, but both were found to have the rare blood disease similar to pernicious anemia. Blood tests at the time showed that Eatherly suffered from the same blood ailment.

Before Eatherly resigned his commission, he had participated in atomic bomb tests at Bikini; after one such test his plane had been isolated and washed down. But no one had ever told him that he might have been exposed to radiation.

In 1950 Eatherly began to wander around the South and Southwest. He was drinking heavily. He was arrested in New Orleans, Beaumont and Houston on charges of forgery, robbery, and breaking and entering. Police and courts were lenient because he was a 'war hero.'

Nine times Eatherly entered the Waco VA hospital as a volunteer patient. In April, 1959, he told Dr. O.P. Constantine: 'I feel I killed all those people at Hiroshima.' While he was out of the hospital on a 90-day trial period in 1956, he and another patient were questioned about a series of robberies. Eatherly said: 'I don't know why we did it. We didn't need the money.'

Eatherly twice attempted suicide. Waco psychiatrists described his case as 'neurosis with psychotic manifestations' and 'a classic guilt complex.'

One psychiatrist said that he 'has sought the punishment of society by acts which would bring down its wrath.' But, he added, 'the role of therapy is to get at the predisposing factors—Hiroshima in itself is not enough to explain his behavior.'

Eatherly believes that Hiroshima is the cause of his actions. In 1959 he began to correspond with Dr. Anders in Vienna. (Anders had written to him after reading a story about him in *New Moral in the Atomic Age*. Their correspondence indicates that Eatherly has come to understand his inner torment and wants to publicize it so that society will recognize 'its own far deeper guilt.'

He wrote to Anders in August, 1959:

'I accept the fact that I am unlikely to bring about that recognition by getting into scrapes with the law, that I have been doing in my determination to shatter the "hero image" of me by which society has sought to perpetuate its own complacency.'

Last Nov. 22 Eatherly left the Waco hospital, in accordance with his rights as a volunteer patient, and never returned. The *Washington Post and Times-Herald*

(Dec. 5, 1960) reported that 'VA officials said they have no authority to arrest Eatherly or take him back to the hospital.' But Eatherly was picked up and on Jan. 14, on request of his brother, was declared insane and committed. As an involuntary patient he cannot leave.

On learning of Eatherly's commitment, Anders wrote to President Kennedy and simultaneously released the letter to the press. It caused a stir in Europe. Psychiatrists in several countries have shown interest. Bertrand Russell wrote in the London *New Statesman* (Feb. 17) that Eatherly's statements 'are entirely sane.' But no U.S. publication has picked up Anders' letter and no group is working for Eatherly's release.

In his letter, Anders called Eatherly's case 'a moral scandal which threatens to go down in history as the Dreyfus Affair of the 20th Century—no, perhaps as an even more fateful affair.' To Anders, Eatherly is 'the attempt to keep conscience alive in the Age of the apparatus.'

Anders wrote that the court's 'verdict contradicts the facts.' He said, 'Every reasonable medical man knows: It is abnormal to act normally during or after an abnormal situation. It is abnormal if, after an appalling shock, someone goes on living as if nothing has happened.'

He recalled Gotthold Lessing's words: 'He who doesn't lose his mind over certain things, has none to lose.'

Anders explained that 'through his sham criminal actions (Eatherly) has tried to enforce that punishment which was not granted him.' He suggested that the U.S. could not accept Eatherly's remorse because it 'would have been an indictment . . . against the Hiroshima mission.'

He also asked whether the VA psychiatrists understood the criminal acts as 'reactions' to his guilt over Hiroshima and would treat him properly.

Anders said: 'It looks as if the Air

Robert E. Light

Force exerted pressure on the hospital staff . . . to keep Eatherly interned indefinitely.' He questioned the legality of arresting Eatherly after his voluntary departure from the hospital.

He proposed an international commission of psychiatrists—'for instance, a Swede, a doctor from India, a Pole and a Japanese'—to reexamine Eatherly. Anders included excerpts from Eatherly's letters:

My personal experience needs to be studied if its true significance, not only for myself, but for all men everywhere, is to be grasped.

June 21, 1959

It seems that those sleeping under the ashes of Hiroshima were crying something for peace. I hope that people could together, hand in hand, make a better world.

August 22, 1959

One has only one life, and if the experiences of my life can be used for the benefit of the human race, then that is the way it will be used, not for the money nor fame, but because of the responsibility I owe toward everyone. In that way I will receive a great benefit and relieve my guilt.

August, 1959

To most people my method of rebellion against war is that of an insane person. No other way could I have made people realize that nuclear war is a moral degeneration as well as . . . physically destructive.

May 27, 1959

Eatherly's words are not insane: the imbalance rather is in those who would make 'bigger and better' bombs. Anders put it thus: 'Happy the times in which the insane speak out this way: wretched the times in which only the insane speak out this way.'

On July 24, 1959, thirty Hiroshima girls suffering from 'the atomic sickness' wrote to Eatherly 'to convey our sincere sympathy with you and to assure you that we do not harbour any sense of enmity to you personally—you are also a victim like us.'

If Eatherly is a 'Hiroshima victim,' then these questions must be asked:

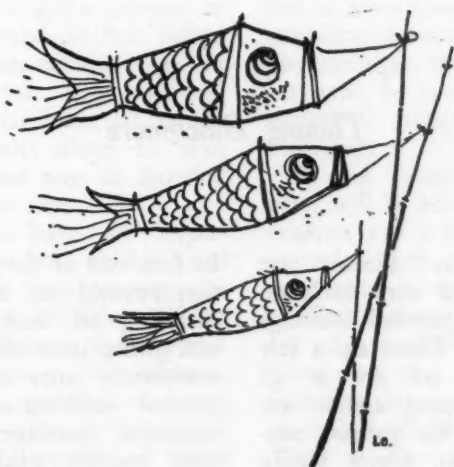
Will he be 'cured' by shutting him

away, or by allowing him to go out in the world to testify against war?

Is he being labelled insane so the war-makers may bear the seal of sanity?

By permitting him to be confined, is society seeking to still its own conscience?

These are questions a nuclear age society must answer to Eatherly. To itself it must answer: For whom is Eatherly dangerous? And the answer must be: To all of us, if we do not heed his cry.





Old-style Marriages in Modern Burma

Thaung Blackmore

Most marriages in Burma are arranged-marriages and very rarely do love-matches without parental blessings end up in marriage. There are a few elopements but they are not at all common; for an eloping couple are usually disowned by the parents concerned, and in Burma, where family ties are so strong and the sense of filial duty so great, sons and daughters will submit to arranged marriages rather than risk severing the family ties for the rest of their lives.

In any case, the majority of the arranged-marriages have happy endings; divorce cases are almost non-existent amongst partners who have subjected themselves to their parents' will. There is a consensus of opinion that it is within the rights of parents to choose partners for their sons and daughters.

In fact, one of the parental duties most deeply-rooted in tradition is that of marrying off their grown-up children and giving them chances to settle down contentedly after marriage. It is the greatest ambition of parents to witness successful marriages springing out of their worldly wisdom. As persons of experience they deem themselves better judges than their sons and daughters in matters of matrimony. According to an old Burmese saying, parents only wish to see their off-spring riding on elephants, escorted by (retainers on) horses, and it will break their hearts to see them trampled by elephants and kicked by horses. The implication is that parents want to know for sure that their flesh and blood will be spared the uncertainties and miseries which usually accompany a partnership of two un-

suitable persons. This saying, in support of parental good-intention, is still often resorted to when parents find themselves confronting rebellious sons and daughters of marriageable age. Matrimony decidedly is a subject of as much importance to parents as it is to those about to plunge into it. That does not necessarily mean that Burma is totally devoid of love-marriages with happy endings. There are quite a number of them, and happy is the person who can find his or her own choice of partner and then contrive to win parental approval in time for the marriage ceremony.

On account of the belief that girls mature early in the Tropics, it is the urgent concern of a girl's parents to find a suitable husband for her before she reaches the conventional age of spinster-hood, in her late twenties! Parents of boys are far better off, in the sense that they can afford to wait longer and have more time in choosing life-partners for their sons.

Marriage-brokers have an important role to play in old-fashioned marriages. Through them parents from each side can make enquiries without reserve and make known their wishes without embarrassment. For instance, there is always the question of dowry for the brides—the amount varying in proportion to the wealth of their parents. Generally, brides follow their husbands wherever they go after marriage, and the latter do not grudge the dowries. They are anxious to see the newly-weds get a good start in life and since dowries can be of help either directly or indirectly, the brides' parents are often very generous about the matter. Nor do they stint the wedding expenses.

One final point has to be settled before the parents from each side commit themselves. That is to make sure that the horoscopes of the two persons about to be joined in matrimony

are not of conflicting natures. There is a current belief that a person born under the influence of a certain star will not get on well with another born under the influence of a hostile star. The two signs of the Zodiac must be the kind that can guarantee the co-existence of the two persons involved, to say the least. If the two signs are the 'friendly' ones, so much the better for all persons concerned. Comparison of the two horoscopes, then, is an important ritual, and an astrologer's words can either 'make' or 'break' the arranged marriages. If the dictum is unfavourable, the marriage will not take place. Neither side will lose face if the failure to contract a marriage was due to astrological reasons. If the compatibility of horoscopes is established by the astrologer, the next step for the parents will be to ask him to name the propitious moment for the marriage ceremony.

In due course, a small engagement party will be held quietly to which only relatives and a few intimate friends are invited. Next the betrothal will be announced in the local newspapers.

After a short while, invitation cards for the wedding will be sent out. Then, on the appointed day, a few Buddhist monks are fed in the morning on behalf of the bride and bridegroom. That is the only time when any religious element comes into the proceedings. Burmese marriages are purely temporal affairs and have nothing to do with religion. Also, Burmese marriages are quite different from civil marriages as understood by the West. Signing of a marriage contract is not necessary and in the absence of a 'court document' Burmese marriages can be classified as 'common-law marriages'. With the impact of the West, 'Church marriages' for Christian couples and 'court marriages' for others are beginning to be popular, but those marriages are outside the limitations of this article.

At the auspicious moment previously chosen by the astrologer, in full view of friends and relatives who have assembled for the ceremony, the bridegroom will be ushered in, accompanied by a few of his best friends. After he is seated on one of the two cushions arranged side by side, the bride will gracefully enter the room also accompanied by her close friends. She is then conducted to her cushion-seat. The bride will be dressed in the court-style Burmese dress (after the fashion of princesses of the royal blood in the days of Burmese monarchy), and a very becoming top-knot will be adorning her head. The bridegroom's dress is less elaborate in comparison, but he will be wearing a special dress and a stylish turban which is the standard head-gear for Burmese males on important occasions.

When the bride and groom are seated side by aide, the Brahmin astrologer in ceremonial robes will recite special classical verses invoking general blessings for the couple. Then a person of distinction and his wife both specially invited to do the honours will come forward from amongst the audience to physically join the hands of the bride and groom and declare them man and wife.

After that the newly-wedded couple will do obeisance together to their parents and elders. Then, at a given signal, confetti will be strewn about and music will be played by a musical troupe in accompaniments to songs sung by famous local artistes hired for the occasion. In the meanwhile guests will be served with refreshments. If the wedding takes place in the morning, the food will be in the form of a wedding-breakfast—rice and special curry dishes; if the wedding takes place in the afternoon, tea and assorted cakes and ice-cream will be the standard fare.

To make catering easier, weddings are often held in big rooms at large

restaurants. The City-hall is another favourite place for weddings. Some, however, prefer to have the ceremony at home — usually the bride's parents' home. After the 'wedding-feast', the guests will take turns to congratulate the couple and leave the hall. The newly-weds are now considered to be finally launched in society.

Wedding presents are usually sent in advance to the bride's parents. So, unless the marriage takes place in the bride's parents' home, wedding presents will not be exhibited for the benefit of the guests, as at western weddings.

The actual marriage ceremony usually lasts about three hours and this will be followed by a few more hours of celebration and merry-making amongst a circle of intimate friends and relatives.

The bride and groom will be subjected to much teasing by the inner circle of friends and relatives. In a playful manner, woman friends will take off the gold necklaces they are wearing, and link them up in the form of a long gold chain which they afterward stretch across the entrance of the bridal chamber. The bride and groom will find themselves barred from the bridal chamber until the groom purchases the right of way! There is no hard and fast rule about the amount of the 'entree fee'; the richer the couple are the more they (or rather, the bridegroom) will have to pay.

On top of that the bridegroom will be required to pay an extra sum to obtain an assurance from his friends that they will not throw stones at the house in which the couple will spend their wedding night. It is not unusual for friends to throw stones at the house during the evening, just for the fun of disturbing the newly-weds! The money paid to prevent stone-throwing is known as 'stone-price-money' or 'stone-money' and the friends of the couple usually drive a hard bargain with the groom in

order to obtain a sufficient amount for another celebration amongst themselves, later on.

Convention allows 'stone-money' for the friends of the bride and groom and no hard feelings arise out of the 'fleecing' of the bridegroom on the wedding day. He must take it all in the right spirit. It is expected of him to satisfy the demands of his friends on this day of days.

Old-style Burmese weddings can be very expensive and nerve-wracking to people directly concerned with them and nowadays many people have been converted to the western-style court-marriages which undoubtedly are much more practical—considering the time and money saved. And yet, the sentimental appeal of old-style marriages persists and Burmese people in general still prefer them to new-style marriages.



Have I Lost Jin-Song?

Frederick Joss

It is almost three months that I married Jin-Song. I am in London. Where she is I do not know. I have not seen her since the morrow of our wedding. This month she will bear me a child.

My daughters, my friends ask me about my Korean wife. They do not understand that I have not brought her with me. That I don't even know if she is alive or dead. Why did I leave her behind? Why doesn't she write? Why doesn't anybody?

Once before I did not hear from her. For three months. And no one could find her. That is why I went back to Korea, by a small cargo boat, in mid-winter, to search for Jin-Song. Have I found her only to lose her again?

To understand Jin-Song one must understand Korea. Underneath her eastern serenity and Buddha-like impassivity Jin-Song is as sensitive, as lively as any Parisian. Koreans have the same feelings, the same needs, the same virtues and failings as other people. If they seem different, it is their History that made them so. Their past History, and the present.

No one can understand Koreans unless he has lived among them. I have never been to North Korea. But I have lived and worked in the South.

When the western world discovered the 'Hermit Kingdom' it was under the

heel of an ossified feudal regime. Then Russian czarism and modern Japanese imperialism fought each other on Korean soil. The Rising Sun won. For forty years the hobnailed boot of militarist and monopolist Nippon ground the Korean into the dust. Here and there patriotic Koreans rose and fought—to be crushed under the iron heel. Millions of Koreans were deported to Japan as slave labour or forced into the Japanese Army to perform menial tasks—cruel ones, like turning prisoners of war into slaves. There were Koreans who aided the oppressors, the exploiters of their own nation. Many of them survive—and pose as super-nationalists, entitled to lead and govern.

When atom bombs had fallen on Japan and the Red Army crossed the Yalu, Koreans fell on their knees to thank for their freedom but the country was partitioned. A thousand years ago the North Korean Kingdom of Koryo had known forms of agricultural co-operation and of social security. Under Japanese rule secret organisers and agitators found thousands ready to join underground organisations of the Left.

In the northern zone—north of the 38th parallel—the Left Underground took over, reinforced by emigrés.

In the South, a few hardy survivors of Japanese jails scrambled to the surface, but three gangsters who had lived abroad

vied for the favour of General MacArthur and the U.S. Government: Kim Koo, Kimm Kyusick and Syngman Rhee.

One day I shall tell the story of how Kim and Kimm ended—and we all know about Syngman Rhee, and what he did to Korea. Soon the world may know what his Vice-President—who is Prime Minister now—is doing to the tortured country.

What is all this to do with Jin-Song and my marriage?

As I write I look at snapshots I took of Jin-Song the day I first saw her. It was in a semi-desert in hilly country, a few miles out of Chonan, in the 'Happy Home' orphanage outside the tiny poverty-stricken village of Samnyong-ni. One hundred and forty out of South Korea's half million orphans lived there—if 'lived' is the right word—on thirty Hwan a day, per head. So did their teachers and nurses. Thirty Hwan, at the black market rate, was barely two U.S. cents. Two cents for keeping a child or a teacher alive: To house them, clothe them, feed them, doctor them.

Some of the children were not really orphans. A red-headed little girl sat on Jin-Song's arm, clutching her neck. Jin-Song worked there as teacher and nurse.

I heard much later that there are three hundred thousand 'normal' orphans in South Korea. Of the hundred thousand war orphans many still have one or even both parents—but they live north of the line, and South Korea's curtain is not of bamboo or even iron, but well-nigh impenetrable. Then there are almost one hundred thousand children of mixed couples: Soldiers and airmen of the U.N. Forces are the fathers, Korean women the mothers.

When the foreign service-men go home, they leave the Korean women and their children behind. Sometimes they write once or twice, and even send some money. Then nothing. As more than half the city people in Korea are out of work, without unemployment benefit, the

mothers of half-American babies have little chance of finding a job. They are not popular with Korean men. What do they do? How do they live?

I received the answer the very first evening I spent in Korea—at the Seamen's Club in Pusan. The bar was full of 'business girls'—all Korean, all English-speaking. Every one was the mother of an American baby. They were the lucky ones—they had the good fortune to ply their trade in a superior place. They seemed tough—but are they? I got to know one who went by the American name of Alice. The one and only night of our married life Jin-Song and I stayed at the Seamen's Club. I met Alice on the stairs—when she heard that I had just married the Korean girl that expected my child, the case-hardened bar hostess cried with happiness. She embraced me, sobbing.

Yes—as a rule, American service men's Korean children exist on two cents a day, and their mothers walk the streets outside the hotels and camps inhabited by still serving soldiers and airmen. Though there are others who hide and perish quietly.

It took me a long time to find the whys and wherefores.

After my first visit to Samnyong-ni I went to U.N. Command—or, in effect, U.S. 8th Army HQ—to try and trace the father of Vicky, the freckled and the red-haired cry-baby I had found in Jin-Song's arms. I got as far as a senior NCO. He convinced me that my mission was hopeless, and that I certainly could not expect any co-operation from the U.S. Army or civil authorities. 'You take it from me, said the soldier with his hand on my shoulder, 'it's better for all concerned. It just wouldn't work out if we traced the man. It wouldn't help the kid or her mother. So why not let the guy settle down and marry a nice American girl?'

I thought the American sergeant callous, but he had not told me the whole

story: In the majority of member states of the USA marriage between 'Caucasian' and 'Mongol' is illegal—in a few of them carnal relations between 'White' and 'Yellow' even appear to be under legal sanction, much as in Verwoerd's South Africa.

There must be thousands of American soldiers who would want to take their Korean wives and children with them and don't even know that they won't be able to.

Of course, the average American is no more callous or cruel than any other human being. But only few manage to swim against the stream. Yes—a few Americans do marry Korean girls. Jin-Song's own sister is married to an American. But they live in Tokyo, not in the USA.

There is even an American farmer who was so shaken by the fate of Korean orphans—and deserted children of mixed blood—that he organised a veritable campaign to ship these children to America, and find fellow Americans to adopt them.

To the honour and glory of the American nation I can tell you that over two thousand Korean 'orphans'—most of them fathered by Americans—have been flown across the Pacific and received by American adoptive parents, through the untiring effort of one magnificent American. But the mothers are left to their fate and so are fifty times more 'American' babies. And four hundred thousand orphans.

Yes—here was the answer to the riddle: Why had Jin-Song not written to me—for three months—while neither my letters nor my friends had reached her? She had not written because it is neither dignified nor useful for a pregnant Korean woman to write to her foreign lover. The foreigner may leave some money behind, and write a few times. That I had done. Then it all ends. Jin-Song did not write. She carried on, now big with child, working in the icy

weather, with little to eat. What would she have done had I not succeeded in finding her, an old friend (here in London) asked me to-day. No—she would not have taken to the streets. I think she would have perished in silence and dignity.

I left her behind when I sailed from Korea the day after I married her. Against all eastern custom I kissed her, at the quayside, before boarding the ship that had brought me from Hong Kong. Her pale lips trembled and her large dark eyes were misty with sadness.

Why did I not take her with me? Because she had no passport—and as far as I know she has no passport to this very moment, although I have mobilised editors and politicians, banks and embassies. Another time I will tell about passports for South Koreans; to-day I will merely say this: Crooks (like Syngman Rhee and his gangster moll wife) get diplomatic passports, on a Sunday, without formality. Other government-sponsored travellers get passports within a few days. Law-abiding hard-working Koreans are sent from pillar to post to collect signatures and certificates, are stripped of their means by rapacious officials—and then denied their elementary civic right. Of course, the official explanation is always that some formality or other has yet to be observed.

Especially police officials who have to issue good-conduct certificates to passport or exit-permit applicants, assess their victims for what they are worth (and their families) and take it from them. But Korean policemen must use such devices if they want to live and keep their families. For officials are only paid a fraction of the minimal sum it costs to run a home. It is taken for granted that they live by graft and blackmail. And as they are licensed and given every opportunity for doing so, why waste Government money on paying state employees living wages? That money is much better used—by those in power.

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Why does Jin-Song not write to me now? Perhaps she does. But there is South Korea's external and internal postal censorship. Most of the mail addressed to me while I lived in Korea was intercepted and suppressed by the censor—perhaps he collected foreign stamps. According to the South Korean Government's own statistics more than three

thousand postal packages coming from Japan alone are confiscated every month.

Why did I not stay longer, to help Jin-Song? Because I had not been able to obtain an entry-visa, and on my 'shore pass' I could only stay as long as my boat did.

Why did I not get a visa? Ah—that is another story.



France Again

A Modern Marco Polo

Having entered Strasbourg, the faithful Michelin Guide took over again navigating them to the Cathedral at a moment when a sweating but good-tempered gendarme was being harassed by many a criss-cross current of traffic, tourists on foot and on cars, and worshippers coming out of Sunday service. Snatching a parking space on the Place du Chateau they made a bee-line for the 'Zimmer' in rue Temple-Neuf to be assured of a seat which would achieve their object in this city.

The bottle of Kaefferkopf (Kuehn) greedily absorbed into empty and thirsty stomachs went straight to their heads. The local claim since Charlemagne that Alsace vintages 'disable the legs before . . . the head' did not hold here. Thereafter the foie gras and Coq au Rissling appeared and disappeared as in a dream. The place soon filled; it was indeed good to eat again in the company of people who displayed evident joy in their meals. This infectious communal atmosphere alone was worth being back in France once again.

A Life's Ambition Fulfilled

A brief visit to the Cathedral clock and they were for getting on to the Route Nationale No. 4 for Paris, especially as

a drizzle was beclouding the afternoon. But MMP had his own plans which were now for the first time revealed, namely, to make a diversion for Molsheim, to which whimsy the rest of the crew smilingly assented. Into the secondary RN 392 'wine-filled' they 'stormed'. The name of Molsheim will probably mean nothing to most readers but to motorists of a past generation, it conjures up the greatest racing cars ever. Designed and built by a genius and an artist, Ettore Bugatti, the cars that bore his name reigned supreme for one whole decade in the racing world. The privilege of owning one happened to MMP in his mis-spent youth and in a way it had proved unfortunate by spoiling him for any other car since. So over an undulating road in rain he soon found holy ground, outside the gates of the Bugatti works; it did not matter that it was closed and deserted on Sunday; nor did he wish to explore as he waved back the caretaker who had come forward. Sufficient to be alone and take photographs and as silently resume his journey, having arrived and attained a life-ambition. After this he was no longer concerned (except that now and then there would pass him in a shrill whine of engines, like a flash of kingfishers, long low slim ghost cars with horse-shoe shaped radiators, paint-

ed in the vivid French racing blue, leaving behind clouds of dust, an echo and the exhilarating tang of burnt castor oil in the country air) when they rejoined eventually the main road to make an early stop for the night at Saverne where they found bath-rooms complete in every fitment.

Hotel Life in France

Wiser now to the habits of French hotels, they had acquired the technique of calling it a day not later than 5 p.m. while few or no rooms had yet been occupied to pick and choose at random. By 6 o'clock the avalanche of travellers would overwhelm the place, filling it up in a twinkling. Then while the newcomers were unpacking and tidying up themselves, they slipped into the dining room, chose a table and took their ease over the food and drink before the entry of the gourmets who would remain over their dinners until 9 and then go straight to bed. In the morning one should allow the exodus to disperse before taking a leisurely breakfast to begin another day's journey on a clear road; for the French travellers, one and all, get up early, eat in a hurry and dash away before 8. How they slept baffled MMP's discreet observations; a whole family seemed to occupy one bedroom only. Certainly their ideas of economy differed from the British who liked to sleep alone, but eat parsimoniously, resorting more often to picnicking in the open, meanwhile overgenerous on their attire; whereas the French did exactly the opposite, a French car parked on the roadside would be on quite a different mission other than picnicking.

The City that Claimed Three 'Bests'

A clear morning through the Vosges brought them into Nancy at 11, which could claim to be perhaps the most

beautiful provincial capital in the world, though Hangchow and Innsbruck could be its rivals. However, the Stanislas Square with its exquisite grilled iron-gates and fountains could not be rivalled. Another 'best' in the world was discovered at a corner of the square: 'A Marie Leczinski', (named after the poor exiled Polish princess who by a trick of fortune became the Queen of France, when the King's favourite found it inconvenient to marry her himself,) where they sold macaroons that defied imitation; soft, light and deliciously resilient, fragrant with almonds, made to melt instantly in the mouth. At midday the family was already firmly ensconced in the Rotisserie du Gourmet Lorrain, where the last 'best' in the world presented herself in the form of a 'poularde du gourmet,' home grown, beautiful meat, deliciously garnished and tender to the aching tooth. The bottle of Bruley contributed to a memorable meal. After this they just let the French landscape and trees guide them in a green dream to Vitry-le-Francois, like

High summer on the Hing Ning road
Where lush rice fields stretched
An infinite sea of green,
Sun and green dazzled;
Luxuriant sun and quivering green
A halo made of life as in a dream.*

For the night the elementary error of putting up in a room by the pavé roadside was committed. There was revealed to MMP that never-ending night traffic of heavy lorries on the French roads carried on by the routiers. To exaggerate his insomnia, the garage opposite seemed to attract every other vehicle, pulling up and re-starting with horrible noises.

The morning brought solace in the discovery of a confectioner's near the

* Hing Ning: a county in the East River region, Kwangtung.

square and it was with reluctance that MMP was dragged away from his third visit to resume the journey. For the remainder of the run to Paris the green dream ended where what seemed endless American air bases with all the goings on began. As a gentleman MMP would prefer not to be an American one in these parts.

Anyway the flowery metropolis beckoned and long before luncheon hour they had once more settled in their former hotel and soon outside the favourite Cafe de la Paix; yes, the true centre of the universe again.

The Ghosts of Versailles

The magnificence of Versailles and its grounds scarcely needs shouting about, as Madame de Sevigne had quietly said, 'This sort of royal beauty is unique in the world'. Here the ingenuity of man had moulded nature to his own imagination, creating magic gardens, with Grecian statues emphasising the beauty and mystery of their background of dark woods where nymphs and satyrs may lurk.

Of course MMP the hard-boiled troubadour does not believe in supernatural phenomena including the visitation of luck in any venture. Nevertheless it requires a strong will to forget the fears and fancies that an old Chinese upbringing indelibly stamps upon a wee child.

Now is being 'psychical' a physical endowment or superstition? Hereby hangs a tale.

His head subconsciously filled with stories of the ghosts of the Petit Trianon, MMP now drove into the fabulous grounds of the Palace, admission two francs, chief aim to see the Temple of Love in the Petit Trianon admiring itself in a curve of the stream. For once his navigation went astray, landing him instead, at the Grand Trianon, mistaking that to be the Petit. All then

seemed right with his world, the sun shone and the handful of tourists about animated the scene. Ahead of the family gaily went MMP into the open courtyard. About ten yards inside, suddenly out of blue his hair stood up and a goose pimpling shudder went through him just like hearing a ghost story. This was it, something definitely psychical. Could it be the famous ghosts of the grey ladies? He went on to the colonnade with its exquisite columns on a pink and green marbled floor, a real architectural gem. Down below in the far end of the park a dark pool surrounded by tall sombre trees, desolate and forbidding in the summer sun, beckoned. He looked round. The tourists had departed and the family gone to visit the Trianon arm of the Grand Canal. He was alone. He descended the steps, skirting a near round pool and went forward to explore into the psychical dimension, pregnant with romance and high adventure. Soon in the forest trees surrounded him on either hand, their shades enveloped him, his feet treading virginal fallen leaves as if the place had never been visited. Steadily he advanced, his psychic 'radar' fully extended at the alert, pausing now and then to breathe in the strange air. Arriving at the Pool of the Nymphs he sat down and gazed across the waters in stoical mockery. The silence became oppressive, no bird had been heard, only some leaves dropped as he waited and waited and nothing happened to fulfil anticipation or hopes. At last the family found him and the spell broke. If only he could come again at midnight like Su Tung-Po (1036-1101) at the Swallows Pavilion, dreaming of its former mistress Pan-Pan

*Moon gleamed like frost,
Breeze flowed like fluid,
Pure world without bound;
Up crooked reaches fish leaped,
On lotus leaves dew distilled,*

Quietude without sound;

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*At the third watch
A leaf dropped loud,
Sundering me from dreams profound,
Night stretched dim,
The return I missed,
Waking to pace the garden round,*

*Like a wayfarer worn,
Up homeward hill-paths toiling,
Straining for scenes that eager eyes may rest:
Pavilion lone,
Its loved one gone,
Vain trapped the swallows in their nest.
All life's a dream and do
We from dreams ever wake?
Clutching new sorrows and old joys at best.
Some future day,
Some eve, in the Huang pavilion*
This night shall be sighed over.*

whereas here MMP could take his choice among Marie Antoinette, Madame de Maintenon, Marie Leczinski, Marquise de Pompadour and Marie Louise. Satisfied with reality he retraced his steps and found lunch at 'de la Flottille du Canal' in the wood, where a pest of hornets shared his food and drink, spoiling him for further exploration.

On the way back to Paris through the Parc de St. Cloud and the Bois de Boulogne MMP was still thinking what made him miss the Temple of Love, the chief object that he came out to see? if that was one of the Trianons, where was the other? Was he led purposely to mistake the one for the other, led off on a wild goose chase to the pool of the Nymphs and kept from setting foot in the Petit Trianon? for fear of what? of seeing too much or because Antoinette found it inconvenient to receive guests at her Temple of Love at that hour of day? Even the hornets? so one could go on but this fact remained: MMP had accepted a psychical challenge, had gone out of his way to investigate and had found nothing except silence and stillness.

* Huang pavilion: built to commemorate the successful fight against the great flood by the poet at Hsü-Chou in 1077.

The Wolf-Hunting Lodge (Louvre)

When the young idealist MMP, armed with a copy of Lucas's *A Wanderer in Paris*, ascended the grand marble Daru staircase of the Louvre on a bright summer morning, so long ago, a lady with outstretched wings riding on the prow of a ship in perfect calm assurance greeted and overwhelmed him. As he stopped and stared the bow of the vessel seemed to cleave the air as these wings unfurled and fluttered in the salt breeze. The vital problem that had been tormenting his young mind for years, whether to serve the people of China rather than himself, becoming now urgent on his homeward way after graduation, resolved itself there and then as he found confirmation in this Victory of Samothrace. No still photograph can do justice to the Nike, perhaps it requires a cine-camera to catch her motion. Later on to the young traveller

*As the West receded farther
Over the rim of each fleet mile
A gradual green indomitable hope
Gripped his mind
Above the din and dirt and flies
And smells of the hot bazaars,
The utter certainty of victory
Beyond a future of grim harness:
Steel entered deep his will.*

To see again this masterpiece of the Rhodian Pythocritus revealed no change in the lady, maintaining still her easy defiant progress through the blue Aegean waves but did she know that the world had since entered upon a different era where space had replaced water as the medium of travel and the noses of the new ships were differently shaped and decorated (if any)? Nevertheless the inspiration remains for all generations: only that it is now

*O winged prow
Cleaving limitless expanding skies!*

A revisit to the Corots brought disappointment. His greens were far too sombre. How on earth did Corot miss the radiant green of this native land where he conjured up mystery, poetry, beauty and romance to a sophisticated world?

The smile of Mona Lisa, too, had lost its elusive charm, just as age and experience had disintegrated for him many another lady's. Was all this mystery surrounding the female sex healthy? or simply an artifact created by neurotic writers and women themselves? to fill the role of

*dolls fit only for
The pedestal and trivial delights?*

May MMP suggest that woman is

*No more different from man
Than quantitatively in some secretions,
Or qualitatively in chromosom
patterning;*

*Certainly no angel nor the other kind,
Being compounded in the same celled
mould;*

*No slave nor angel nor inferior,
But only feminine, the male's
counterpart:*

*With him
One in thought and feeling,
One in mind and spirit,
One in desires, delights and disciplines,
One in dedication to the common weal.*

Babbling blank verse, MMP turned a corner and there was the radiant amputated Aphrodite from the Isle of Melos!

This dazzling pulsating vision, this sonnet in marble, against royal purple drapery, always made him gasp, no matter how often she had been seen before. One could but fall down and worship:

*If time would stay
So that he forever could
Thus gaze in adoration,
She the idol, he the worshipper!*

And this 'kow-tow'ing was directed not so much to woman as to beauty, here happening to be exhibited in the female form. In front of the Venus de Milo there was no room for sensuality, (she might be a cow for all that). Transcending sense and sensation he saw but

*Love or dream
Or worship or desire,
Or whatever essence of high purity.*

Fortunately or unfortunately the Chinese poet or artist or sculptor had always shunned creations involving nudity, considering such as 'yellow'; of course there were always rebels like one or two lascivious kings in the troubled periods before the Sung dynasty.

Thus inspired, MMP will leave the Louvre and, where 'fools will step in', tackle the conundrum of the Women of Paris which had been too rashly promised.

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A Queen for Havana

Around the high-chimneyed mill of the Ruben Martinez Villena sugar *central*, the green wall of canes receded like a tide. In vehicles now parked along an avenue of plumed palms, the army of volunteer harvesters of 'the people's sugar' had been arriving from Havana since before 6 a.m. It was a bright spring-like Sunday and the men, women and kids sang and shouted as truck after truck lumbered off the field with the canes they cut and loaded. Resting and picnicking families lined the edge of the field. In the front line two municipal court judges and the President and Defense Minister of Cuba, Dorticós and Raúl Castro, wielded *machetes* expertly hour after hour; everyone was pleased, no one surprised, that they were there and that two *norteamericano* eggheads (the other one named Carl Marzani) had also turned up. Joined by the friendliness of shared work—which did no good to their pockets, only to their bodies and souls—the peasants-for-a-day from the city gave an extraordinarily convincing portrayal of happy people. Before noon, they had cut and loaded more cane than would normally be cut in a week according to local *campesinos*.

February's first weekend saw similar scenes all over Cuba, and they will be repeated until the last cane hits the dirt. Everybody's doing it for at least one Sunday—groups organized by trade unions, army units, university faculties, luxury-hotel staffs, offices and stores . . . Guatemalan exiles led by ex-President Arbenz . . . seamen from visiting Soviet freighters . . . Why? Not only is Cuba in a hurry for the new liberating industries which the harvest will buy, but regular sugarworkers are in short supply for the first time in history. (Formerly the four-month harvest time was all the work they had in a year; now more and more of them are moving about the country on construction work.) On the first weekend of the volunteer campaign, an estimated 500,000 people went to the fields from Havana alone. They were asked to bring their own *machetes* if

Havana

possible, and their food and hammocks as local hostelrys would be swamped. On the Monday, the Sugarworkers Fedn. announced that 24 Camaguey province *centrals*, which had been harvesting and milling for a month, had already topped by over a million the usual number of sacks of sugar at this time of the year.

In the mill, the ancient but still serviceable machinery dragged tons of cane up into its maw, pulverized and processed it, and spewed forth a mountain of sugar almost reaching the roof of the storage warehouse. Since nationalization the mill is both more efficient and more economical, as the workers know what bumper production means to every Cuban and take loving care of their own machinery. The pre-revolutionary director, we were told, had lived in a barred-off street and never talked to any workers. The blue-shirted young *rebelde* now running the mill is a former schoolteacher, whose pay is but a fraction of some long-service employees'. His predecessor in the job is now one of Cuba's ambassadors abroad. This is the kind of training, without any cash inducements, which the young *rebeldes* get for top leadership.

Thus Cuba goes on its way, puncturing social and economic myths, laughing at pompous charges that it is undemocratic and un-Christian . . . and still finding time and zest for the grandiose operation of selecting a Queen for Havana's annual carnival. (First statement by the 20-year-old psychology student chosen, after coming out of the traditional swoon: 'I am off to the sugarcane fields next Sunday.') Punctuated with music, dance and song, the elimination of the other 203 candidates in the Sports City stadium took until 4 a.m., the same hour at which Fidel usually finishes his speeches. The ceremony was also punctuated by a nearby explosion—one of the counter-revolutionary time-bombs which go off once or twice a night somewhere in Havana.

To anyone recalling London in the blitz (and this blitz is so small that most citizens are rarely if ever aware of it), nothing need be said about the effect on public morale. Fire engines and ambulances scream to the spot, there is some material and sometimes some human damage. Within a few minutes all is normal save for knots of people calling for 'Paredon!' (death) to the terrorists. All that is achieved is that those within range are strengthened the more in their convictions and determination as against the users of such methods.

On the next night a car someone had left inside the University grounds blew up and wrecked a machine used for instruction puposes. This was presumably connected with the attempts going on for some time, fostered by the church hierarchy and inflated like a balloon in U.S. radio propaganda, to bring about a student strike against 'red atheism' in education. Less than 24 hours later, the balloon was burst by a vast outpouring of Havana's school and university population, who marched in clamorous support of the revolution to the Presidential palace. The turnout—impossible to number, but it looked like at least 50,000 to me—included groups from many private Catholic schools who risked expulsion by coming. In Cuba kids no more than adults present any 'drilled' look when demonstrating, and the impression of spontaneity, inner conviction and self-discipline was strong. One hoped that Allen Dulles might get a remotely accurate report of the spirit of this young Cuban multitude, which could leave no honest mind in doubt that seeds of discontent cannot grow since there is no soil. Standing their ground in a sudden downpour, the kids waved schoolbooks, flags, homemade slogans and huge pencils above their heads and thundered: 'Books Yes, Strikes No!' Speakers defied the counterrevolutionary priests with the slogan: 'With Christ and with the Revolution!' Raul Castro ridiculed the efforts of the hierarchy and its Washington fellow-schemers, but paid the usual tribute to 'the honest and respected priests who represent the real Catholics of Cuba.'

In the previous week another 'unidentified' plane had managed to sneak in under the radar and scatter leaflets over a Havana square—just as President Kennedy was simulating alarm at Cuba's 'thousands of tons' of arms. Columnist-poet Nicolás Guillén commented in *Hoy* that, since the plane got away unharmed, Cuba evidently needs 'a few thousand tons more.' Cubans, still trying to be optimistic about the new U.S. administration, are almost speechless before Washington's cynicism in suggesting

that they are arming for aggression. They are interested in no kind of aggression whatever except with machetes against sugarcane and with books against illiteracy.

The good news comes from Latin America, where enthusiasm for Cuba's revolution spreads fast. The conviction here is that the revolution is safe if only one major Latin American government stands with it—and the portents from Brazil are bright. In his first statement, Foreign Minister Arinos of President Quadros' new regime declared that Brazil would 'maintain most cordial relations with Cuba, with no interference in internal questions.' Arinos recalled his recent Cuban visit with Quadros and expressed 'personal admiration' for Cuba's leaders. *The Jornal do Brasil* said the Quadros government had 'already opened the road' to restoring relations with the U.S.S.R. and to possible contacts with China, and noted that Arinos especially stressed Brazil's relations with Afro-Asian countries fighting against colonialism.

On the heels of this came the landslide electoral victory of veteran socialist Alfredo Palacios over President Frondizi's senatorial candidate in Argentina. Palacios, who was backed by the illegal Communist Party, based his campaign on support of the Cuban revolution. Amid shouts of 'Cuba Si, Yanquis No' he was swept to victory by supporters who bore Fidel's picture through the streets like a symbol of continental liberation.

Meanwhile, the 'way of life' which has gone forever in Cuba was symbolized by a successful treasure-hunt in the Havana mansion of Maria Luisa Gomez-Mena y Vila, Countess de Revilla de Camargo. Before scrambling for New York's Waldorf-Astoria, the queen of Havana society had carefully walled up the millions of dollars' worth of gold and jewels wrung by her two dead husbands from Cuban hunger and misery. Fourteen domestics were left in charge of the mansion, and the Countess had forgotten only one thing—her all-too-human desire, in the 'good old days', to show off. Someone brought to the revolutionary government's attention an old copy of *Life*, showing the solid-gold dinner service with which she entertained the King of Belgium and the Prince of Asturias when they visited Havana. The cache containing the mass of goldsmith's chefs-d'oeuvre—now restored to the Cuban people from whom it was filched—was found by the use of metal-detecting devices.

And in the midst of it all, an *El Mundo* reporter noted a small, exquisite writing desk which once 'belonged to the decapitated Marie Antoinette . . .

Cedric Belfrage

'No Tobacco, No Hallelujah'

East-Irian? There's no such thing, and my date-line is sheer mischief-mongering.

Of course, there is a West-Irian. Most map-makers of the western world still mark it as Dutch New-Guinea. To use the term 'West-Irian' is tantamount to supporting the view that the western half of this colossal and potentially fabulously rich island should have been evacuated by the Dutch years ago, and incorporated into the Indonesian Republic.

Neither Sukarno nor any of his spokesmen has ever referred to the Eastern half of New Guinea as 'East-Irian'. That would be logical and, indeed, absolutely pukka on terminological grounds—but, of course, that label might be regarded both as tactless and indicative of future trends in Canberra and Port Moresby.

Port Moresby would be a more suitable date-line for this letter, though not, perhaps, precise enough for pedantic truth-seekers like—ah, no names no packdrill.

For I am penning these lines at Ela Beach, outside a delectably intimate boarding-house called (of all things) Devon Lodge, where I am charged only one pound eleven-and-six (Australian) for bed-and-breakfast, sharing a room with three others. The cheapest available hotel room in the Moresby area is four-and-a-half guineas, and the hotel manageress there behaved as if she were doing me an enormous favour putting me up—or putting up with me. I would not put up with her manners, her prices, or her kind of breakfast—which, incidentally, cost another ten-and-six, plus service.

You see, prices are a bit different here from dear Hong Kong—let alone Macao.

But it would be unjust to say that everything is expensive here. No—only the necessities of life are frightfully dear, such as accommodation and food and clothes. Luxuries are to be had at ridiculous prices, compared with the 'South', meaning the mainland of Australia. Servicemen and others commuting between Moresby and Brisbane can make tidy profits by buying the odd transistor set or camera or watch in the 'territory', and 'flogging' it at home.

'East-Irian'

The cause of this discrepancy is a different level of taxation and customs duties, very sensibly adjusted to the necessity of persuading bright young Australians to work in New Guinea. True, pay is magnificent and the standard of living superlative, but the expatriate who accepts a government or private job here must live either in the oppressive climate of the coast, where there's company and plenty of amenities, or in the mountains of the interior where the climate is fine but life lonely. And the prospects for the future are wrapped in mystery.

I am told that in no other part of the world are there as many cars per capita of the population—white population, that is. For I am still talking of the lives of 'Europeans', which means, in these parts, mainly white Australians.

But you'll be disappointed if you now expect me to tell you of a shockingly low standard of living among the Papuans, who are unblushingly referred to as natives. (Why, pray, is 'native' a dirty word? Why is 'indigene' regarded as more dignified? I am a native too, of my own birth-place.)

The standard of living among Papuans is low indeed compared with that of Australians and Dutchmen in New Guinea. Compared with, say, South Koreans it is most satisfactory.

White labour is at a premium here. There is unemployment among the 'Blacks'—but, again compared with South Korea, it is marginal. In Korea some starve and others have to live on their sisters' immoral earnings: these two sections comprise more than half the total urban population. In Papua the few developed centres—such as Port Moresby—attract a lot of villagers and tribesman. Their numbers depress wages. Wages are low, but one can manage on them. Most Whites I spoke to thought that the minimum wages for natives had been fixed (by the authorities) too low; only trade unionism can establish a certain balance, and just at this very moment the first two embryonic trade unions have come into being—with official support.

Australians realise that it is dangerous to keep wages too low. That danger was clearly demonstrated a few weeks ago when the garrison of Taurama Barracks—within walking distance of Port Moresby—mutinied and marched on the 'capital'. They were met, overcome and disarmed by police. Strategic road junctions—such as Koki Market—were still heavily policed when I was there.

What made the native soldiers and NCOs of the Pacific Islands Regiment garrison in Papua rebel? Normally they are tremendously proud of their status and uniforms. Did they object to colonialism? Did they want to join the Indonesian Commandos who are now trying to organise resistance to the Dutch in West-Irian?

Not a bit of it. It was over money. Some bureaucrats in far-away Canberra had messed things up. Brigadier Cleland, the 'Administrator' (read Governor) and his Albert Schweitzer-like deputy, Dr. Gunther, had decided that both local police and the military must get a rise in pay. Canberra agreed. The police came under Port Moresby, and promptly got their pay increase. The Army comes under Canberra. Theirs was delayed by red tape. It arrived a few days after the mutiny. But meanwhile the leaders of the rebellion had been shorn of their uniforms and sent back to their villages in disgrace: Brigadier and Doctor were too shrewd to have them shot or imprisoned. Shooting was never contemplated, and prison—in those blessed parts—is regarded as a free holiday with higher education.

Papuans may not (yet) have the feeling that they are a nation, but they do have a feeling for cash. Some of them will only go to church as long as there are tangible material benefits, this side of heaven, for the devout. Not so long ago a whole Papuan congregation went on strike when the missionary in charge discontinued the free issue of tobacco. 'No tobacco—no hallelujah' has become the popular slogan in New Guinea. It is understood by all, and its validity generally recognised.

Why are the Papuans no nation? On the Australian side there are about two million people speaking hundreds of utterly different languages. In the Dutch part, there are probably less than half that figure—and they speak two hundred different tongues, not counting dialects. Tribal warfare is still rampant in the unpatrolled or insufficiently patrolled areas. There is no reason why the Papuans should not be a nation one day, and both Australians and Dutchmen appear to want them to be.

Here I pose the sixty-four-thousand cowrie-shell question: What do Australians and Dutch want to do with New Guinea? Both

profess the intention to set the Papuans free as soon as they can govern themselves and decide their own future. The Dutch have just opened their first Legco with a Papuan majority—handpicked perhaps but still black.

On the Australian side the first few elected Papuans have taken their seats in the new Legco building. They were elected with care—through an electoral college. (The Whites watched a wealthy black haulage contractor, an excellent speaker and organiser, who had set himself up as the first Papuan nationalist: he was beaten—as expected by those on the inside.)

The Dutch, who kept their natives in the neolithic stage until very recently, are giving high-pressure education to a few Papuans—Quislings, as the Indonesians call them. The Australians who also took a very long time over developing New Guinea are trying to educate larger numbers, at lower speed. They just sent their first Papuan to an Australian University—to study agriculture. Two years ago the Australian Government announced a thirty-year plan, culminating in Papuan self-government. But a leading administrator said to me: 'Believe you me—the next ten years will see us out.' And that explains Australia's reluctance to invest in New Guinea.

The Dutch, on the other hand, claim that already more than half their civil servants are natives, and that their proportion will reach ninety-five per cent in less than ten years. Officially, the Dutch make a show of wanting to get out of New Guinea double-quick—but there were ironic smirks at the long bars of the Port Moresby hotels when it became known that American and Dutch capital had joined forces to exploit West Irian's rich nickel deposits. But the oceans are large, and the Hague is far far away. . . .

The Australian mainland however is next door. And in the just completed elections a couple of prominent Australian residents launched a party advocating that East New Guinea should become a state within the Australian Commonwealth. 'But we do want Papuans to have self-government—and we are looking forward to the day when a Papuan becomes leader of this party.' They got themselves elected—with the votes of Whites and Blacks.

'A first-class funeral for the "Keep Australia White" policy,' grinned an Australian plantation manager on a Port Moresby binge. 'If a few million Papuans become full Australian citizens, no one can order them where to go and where not to go within the Commonwealth.'

Perhaps. But will there be enough time? For the winds of change are blowing in the South Pacific.

A. T. Ramp



The new Gymnasium

THE 26TH WORLD TABLE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS

PEKING, 5-14, APRIL, 1961



The Competition Hall with 15,000 seats



The Chinese Men's Team — the Swaythling Cup winner





The Japanese Women's Team — the Corbillon Cup winner



'Welcome to Peking!'



Hsu Yin-cheng • Chuang Tse-tung • Jung Kuo-tung • Li Fu-jung • Wang Chuan-sun

A garden party . . .



in the Summer Palace

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Classic Games, Better Friendship

THE 26th WORLD TABLE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS

Our Sports Correspondent

World table tennis had never seen anything like it. Top-seeded players were eliminated en masse even in the early rounds. The 15,000-seat indoor stadium specially built for the 26th World Table Tennis Championships was packed from morning till night throughout the nine days of matches. The speed, power and skill displayed were described by experts as 'revolutionary ideas' in table tennis.

As wave after wave of cheers and applause rose inside the stadium, a festive air prevailed over all of Peking. Radio and television carried table tennis matches throughout the semi-finals and finals. Table tennis was the main topic of conversation. At many public places big charts announced the latest scores.

Table tennis fever reached such a pitch that the Peking railway station staff was confronted with an unusual problem. Trains pulled in to the terminus but the passengers listening to the radio running commentary simply would not stir until the winning shot was played in a game.

If popular enthusiasm was tremendous, the championships deserved it. The packed stands set an all-time record—an estimated 400,000—in world table tennis championship attendance.

The presence of so many new teams also established record entries from Asia, Africa and Latin America. And in the level of table tennis on display, the

Peking world championships were second to none.

This was the first time in table tennis history that a world championships was held in China.

After nine days of hotly contested matches, the young Chinese team took away three of the seven top championships honours. The Japanese team which took six of the seven top titles in the last world tournament at Dortmund two years ago, retained three. The remaining top title went to the Rumanian team.

At the last world championships, the Chinese team began to draw the attention of world table tennis circles with its winning of a championship title for the first time, won by Jung Kuo-tuan in the men's singles events. The Japanese team had remained the strongest force since it wrested world leadership in the sport from the traditional European holders several years ago.

The young Chinese team made their world championships debut only eight years ago. All they could do then was to take fourth place in both the men's and women's events in their separate groups. In other words, they were far from the then international level. Its men's and women's teams ranked tenth in the first division.

Ever since lightning speed has marked the progress of the Chinese players. Of

equal interest is that lightning speed, as seen in the present tournament, also marks their style of play!

The championships top winners of the Peking world tournament were: men's team event—Chinese; women's team event—Japanese; men's singles event—Chuang Tse-tung (Chinese); women's singles event—Chiu Chung-hui (Chinese); men's doubles event—Nobuya Hoshino and Koji Kimura (Japanese); women's doubles event—Maria Alexandru and Geta Pitica (Rumanian); mixed doubles event—Ichiro Ogimura and Kimiyo Matsuzaki (Japanese).

With so many new teams and new players entered, there were bound to be some surprising results. But never in any previous world championships did the newcomers play such a powerful game and upset predictions so completely as in the Peking world championships.

Even in the first two rounds, such big names as Japan's former world singles champion Tomi Okada, Hungary's current European champion Zoltan Berczik and Czechoslovakia's former world champion Ivan Andreadis were eliminated.

By the time the field was trimmed down to the last 16 in the men's singles, only three of the original 16 seeded players remained in the race.

China, as the host nation, entered a maximum of 64 players in the two singles events. Most of them were teen-age students and newcomers entered for world championship experience.

But they put up such a stubborn fight against opponents of world renown that they turned the Peking championships into a tournament of upsets.

Of the eight quarter-finalists for the St. Bride Vase in the men's singles, six were Chinese players and two were Japanese.

China's 19-year-old Chuang Tse-tung, a Peking high school student, defeated Japan's famous Ichiro Ogimura and Chang Hsieh-lin, a 20-year-old boring machine operator from the Shanghai

Steam Turbine Plant, defeated Keiichi Miki of Japan to make the semi-finals an all-Chinese affair.

Chuang Tse-tung then went on to take the men's singles crown from 18-year-old Li Fu-jung, also a high school student, in what the critics described as the fastest and most spectacular men's singles final in world championships.

The previous occasions on which both finalists were provided by one country were in 1956 and 1957. Ichiro Ogimura defeated his compatriot Toshiaki Tanaka in 1956 and Tanaka reversed the order in 1957.

But this was the first time in the annals of world table tennis that all four semi-finalists came from one country.

By the time play reached the quarter-finals in the five individual events, there was a young Chinese player at almost every match.

The big question everybody was asking was: 'How did this come about?'

Ferenc Sido, Hungary's nine times world champion, explained, 'The Chinese players are faster and they have more power behind their smashes than their opponents.'

Globe-trotting Victor Barna of England who attended almost every world championship in winning his 15 world titles, said, 'While the Japanese players capitalised on their powerful forehand smashes and imparted various spins to the ball, the Chinese players hit on both forehand and backhand. They returned the ball with such force and at such a speed, almost at the impact, that they offset whatever spins there were on the ball.'

But the consensus of opinion is that table tennis and other sports events are so popular in China that promising young players burst onto the national scene not by scores but by hundreds.

The tremendous facilities at the disposal of the Chinese players are a great help, and the many prevailing styles in China have also helped raise the standard of the sport as young players have

the opportunity to sharpen their game by playing opponents with different styles of play.

The women's singles between China's Chiu Chung-hui and Hungary's European champion Eva Koczian was one of the closest battles in the championships. Only two points decided the issue after five gruelling sets, and it could have swung either way.

Both Eva Koczian and Chiu Chung-hui were 25 years old. It was the first time either had gone so far after skating on the brink of world championship success on previous occasions. At the Dortmund championships, both were losing semi-finalists as Kimiyo Matsuzaki and Fujie Eguchi went on to play in the all-Japanese final.

Eva had come a long way to sharpen her game and looked as if she had the G. Geist Prize in the bag when she upset Kimiyo Matsuzaki, the reigning world champion, in the semi-finals.

Stormy applause greeted the two as they fought it out stroke by stroke in a battle of wits. Chiu played an attacking game, combining long smashes with short drop shots, and Koczian equalized it with immaculate defence. But Koczian also unleashed sudden attacks that forced Chiu to draw back on defence.

In the titanic fifth and deciding set, they fought their seesaw battle all the way to 19-19, with never more than three points separating the two at any time.

Chiu hit a great shot home to lead 20-19 while Koczian very unfortunately netted the last shot.

"It's the best women's singles finals in 25 years," declared Ladislav Stipek, Czechoslovakia's former world champion.

The Swaythling Cup men's team event and the Corbillon Cup women's team event produced similar great battles even before they met in the finals.

The Soviet team, in their first world championship appearance, defeated the experienced Yugoslav team while the Korean Democratic People's Republic

upset predictions to beat the Brazilian team, in the men's event.

After four days of group competition, the first three in the team standings were: Swaythling Cup:—

Group A:

1. China; 2. German Democratic Republic; 3. German Federal Republic.

Group B:

1. Hungary; 2. Sweden; 3. Rumania.

Group C:

1. Japan; 2. England; 3. Yugoslavia.

Corbillon Cup:—

Group A:

1. Rumania; 2. Hungary; 3. German Democratic Republic.

Group B:

1. China; 2. Czechoslovakia;
3. Australia.

Group C:

1. Japan; 2. Soviet Union; 3. England.

The many experts present agreed that the level of table tennis at the Peking championships was higher than ever.

While victories and defeats in previous championships were regarded by some as the triumph of one playing style over another, the Peking championships told a different story.

Only an all-round game of fast and powerful attacks coupled with immaculate defence could win matches at the Peking championships.

Classic examples were provided by Eva Koczian of Hungary who upset the reigning world champion Kimiyo Matsuzaki of Japan in the semi-finals, and the Rumanian pair of Maria Alexandru and Geta Pitica who defeated Chiu Chung-hui and Sun Mei-ying of China to win the women's doubles final and the W. J. Pope Trophy.

Both matches were marked by immaculate defence and fierce attack. In fact, these matches were singled out as symbolic of the new trends in world table tennis—a tendency towards a complete game instead of capitalising on a single phase of the game such as all-out attack or stone-wall defence.

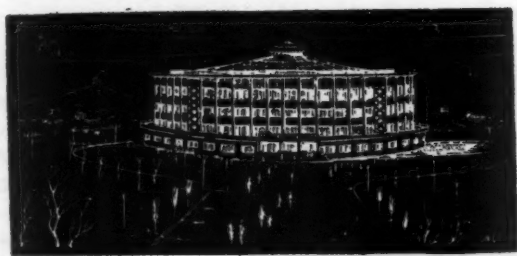
Kiyotaro Hasegawa, coach of the Japanese team, said: "World table tennis has taken a big step forward in producing the all-round game."

Despite the tense battles, a friendly atmosphere prevailed throughout the championships. Two opponents were often seen sitting together comparing notes or watching others at play after their own battle royal.

A boating excursion at the Summer Palace, a sight-seeing trip to the ancient Great Wall, parties, theatrical shows and several birthday parties arranged by the organizing committee enabled the players

from all over the world to become good friends or better friends among those who knew each other already. And together, they became firm friends of the Peking youngsters whose letters of good wishes and admiration virtually flooded the hotel rooms where the players were staying.

The Peking championships fulfilled two cherished hopes of Ivor Montagu, president of the International Table Tennis Federation. Mr. Montagu had earlier said at a press conference: 'I wish the championships would produce classic games of our sport and end with everybody better friends.'



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letter from accra

Welcome to Ghana

1 February, 1961

I left London on the first real winter day. A few hours later, after a frustratingly short stop in Barcelona, where I was surprised to find I could still understand the language, I was lurching about over Africa. The high winds meant a change of course, so we touched down at Accra at the almost civilized hour of 7 a.m. My host, the British Council representative, met me, as did a keen but inaccurate young man from the local press. The report in the *Ghanaian Times* was to cause me much trouble in a few days time.

Nov. 10. I visited my first African schools and was at once enchanted by the children. Everywhere the smiles, curtsies and 'Welcome to Ghana' made me feel instantly at home.

The Minister in charge of broadcasting issued an edict that I was not to give what the *Ghanaian Times* reporter had described as 'Lectures' to the staff of Radio Ghana.

Nov. 11. An interview with the Minister, during which it was explained that I was to give a course on radio production which would be more of a discussion than a lecture. Later the Permanent Secretary telephoned to say that the course could take place after all.

Nov. 13. I had been invited by an old friend to dine at the University College of Ghana. On the way we were flagged down by the police. My companion at once guessed the reason—'the Osagyefo,' he said. After a few minutes motorcycle outriders tore past, followed by two large cars. It was Dr Kwame Nkrumah himself, always referred to as the Osagyefo—the Messiah or Redeemer.

Dinner at Commonwealth Hall was most fascinating. Kingsley Martin recently found it merely an imitation of Oxbridge ritual, but although there were Oxbridge second-raters at High Table, I prefer to think of it as a Britanno-African synthesis.

The hall itself gives an impression of great size as one walks between the rows of maroon-gowned African undergraduates. The dinner itself was fairly good, but was accompanied by

a dubious red wine, which seemed to be just off the boil. 'Room temperature' takes on a different meaning in the tropics!

Nov. 16. I was now in Kumasi, remembering the accounts of Sir Garnet Wolseley's entry into the Ashanti capital in 1873 as told to me over 20 years ago by a very old man who had served in the campaign.

Everyone who visits West Africa collects mammy wagon titles. (Mammy wagons are the local buses, and have inscriptions painted on the front.) My own favourites are 'Love is Nice' and 'Always Waste No Time.'

Nov. 21. Travelled to Tamale. Delayed by foresters who felled an enormous tree across the main road just ahead of us, much to the fury of a Ghanaian lorry-driver. A lawyer in black jacket and striped trousers appeared and courteously offered to guide us along a detour.

Nov. 22. Addressed teachers and education officers. In the afternoon it was very hot indeed by my standards, but a Training College principal (20 years in West Africa) said it wasn't really hot—only 108! Fortunately for me, it was a dry heat, much less enervating than the humidity of the coast.

Drank palm wine for the first time. It was freshly tapped, and tasted rather like ginger beer, but had a distinct alcoholic content.

Nov. 23. Travelled to Ho, over 300 miles, mostly over villainous laterite roads, a severe test for our driver. He was as cheerful and reliable at the end of the day as at the beginning. We had to cross a tributary of the Volta by a poled ferry which took two vehicles at a time. There was a long queue of lorries, some of which had been there for 3 days. If we had behaved like gentlemen, we should have had to sleep in the car for at least two nights and my lecture would not have been given. We behaved like cads and drove to the head of the queue, not without a pang of conscience. The rest of the queue took it much better than I should have done.

T. K. Butcher

Three Black Marigolds and a Rose

Mulk Raj Anand

All her dead children were rising like swirls of bile in her mouth, as she stood holding the last dead one in her hands, while the grave digger was busy opening up the earth in the backyard of the house for the burial. The eddies of tenderness about the big eyes of the little ones choked her. The long times of waiting for the belly to mature, and push down the new child from her womb, conjured up dreads of the future. And she was torn, though she could not cry. The shock of little Nila going had congealed her heart . . .

Asura, her husband, stood behind her, tall and unbending like a tree which can withstand the storm. And he stretched his right hand to hold her as she was nearly doubling over with the weight of the offering to the god of death in her outstretched arms.

'Ayesha' he whispered.

She did not turn towards him. She was possessed by the nerve-ends of feeling, which uprushed like the defiance of his enemies against the world and him. O that he had shrunk from the struggle for power and the things it brings, because then Nila would not have withered away. At times she had seen the distortions on his face, when anger against his enemies coloured it an intense purple and the eyes dilated in speech, and the passionate lips, which were so warm in kissing, pouted sullenly with the bitterness of defeat. If only she could have

shown him daily the taste of dry bread and guided him back to this garden, away from the open mouthed ardour of the quarrels with the white folk! . . . But he was possessed by thoughts larger than his long head. Because the whites were possessed of the powers of demons, which exploded like thunder blasts from booming horizons and chattered from the mouths of nearby machine guns. And, between them, stood she, the mother of three dead children and of the one to be born. . . .

The two women who served in the house, and the gardener's wife, came forward pushing her torso back with heavy limbs from all sides, and Ayesha felt as vultures were gnawing at her flesh before tearing the body of her child away from her arms. The dread of shrill, wing-flapping, shrieking seagulls was in her bones, from the time she had gone fetching water from the banks of the Nile which flowed by her village. Gently, she pushed the mourners away, as she used to scatter the birds overhead with a wave of the hand, while beckoning the gods to still her thumping heart and rid it of the fears. Why, these women worked on a stranger's hearth and knelt in the evening's darkness before the corpse and beckoned prehistoric memories to their aid in going through the chores, and the music of their prayers was sad, and

they had wept to see the child's last breath go out, like black harps with broken strings. . . .

The gardener-turned grave digger was puffing.

'Not so much breath in me, lately,' he said in an even voice as though nothing had happened to the world.

As no one answered him, he stretched his body up, wiped the sweat off his face and, looking bleary eyed at the mourning figures before him, said.

'I was stronger when I dug the grave for the bulldog of Madame Bloom, the wife of the Governor. . . .'

There was a note of abject pride on recalling that he had been the servant of so important a person as the great White Chief.

'Dig a little deeper,' Asura whispered. 'Come on . . . The Sun is sharper . . .' Then he paused as though to control his irritation with the gardener, Raha, but continued: 'This child is not a dog. He was our diamond.'

'That bulldog of Madam Bloom was like Churchill—that bulldog!' Raha said to reassure Asura of his loyalty.

Ayesha heard the exchange and grasped the meaning of the words in her instincts. The colour of the black clay was her son, as though sprung like a plant from the soil by the river Nile. Only the poison of the slow burning disease of tuberculosis had caught him from somewhere in the putrid air when Asura was in prison. And then the diamond had become paler, drying up like a sapling without water. Could he have been saved by the villager doctor, if she had gone home? Those herbs had enabled her to survive when she was wasting away after her laughter at a ribald story, told by her aunt, had aborted the very first of her dreams. . . . Over and above the heads of people, the angels of death were hovering, the aeroplanes, denying access to the roads from which they could have escaped from this town to the forest. And

now, now they were held prisoners by their own folk, who had been purchased like decoy cattle by the king of the White folk in order to catch the lions. The love of riches of the Tshombes of the world seemed to pervert all grace, madden Asura until he had taken to drugs. Power poisoned all the bareness of life, because, every man, every soldier, was seeking the remainders thrown out from the big banquets. 'O why did you not proclaim poverty as the ideal?' she wanted to say to her vain husband. 'And did you not yourself give way to indulgences when you were to be the most devoted? . . . Did you not divine that the minds of murderers are fed on loot? Death, the whole of death, facing our people—did it not frighten you away from needless gratifications? And now you stand beckoning sorrow from the elements, because a life has died before it began? And you were so fond of purity — you named this child after the liberator of India!!

The women, who had edged away when she had pushed them, now came forward again and held her firmly, as though they had smelt the putrid bubbles of thought that were iridescent on her placid face. The smell of her garments soiled by the sweat of the hot morning, burnt into Ayesha's senses. And yet she did not turn them away, standing as she did on the brink of the abyss, into which she would have to throw away her dead toy, and on the base of the mountain of her belly, she felt the movements of little legs kicking the spot from which was to be a new beginning.

'O hours of childhood!' she cried in her soul, beckoning memories of the moments when she had run, climbed trees, swung into a caper, from the sheer force of existence, forced by the sap of bursting fruit in her. She recalled the haste she had made in growing up, refusing to wait to be loved by

the glowing moons whose rays pierced her skin in the clearings of the bush forests where she had played . . . Who could understand the core of loving in a young girl's heart, with the tempestuous thrusts of desire, held in check by the shame of roses? And then who could comprehend the overwhelming sorrow at the passing of all she has cherished, of silent burials made by the haters of feelings. She wanted to rush out with a violent, shattering movement, which would throw off the hold of her female companions. She wanted to leap up to the heavens to defy the gods who had taken her pure event. She wanted to assault all the walls, the homes, and the trees, with the mother's passion to save the seed which was sprouting in her—for all around were the enemies.

'Mother,' said the grave digger, Raha, as he stood up again from his bent stance. 'Patience now, just a moment. And I will have made a nice little bed for the poor innocent one. . . .'

All the clumsy strokes of the spade have not levelled the bottom of the grave,' Asura said in an impatient bullying voice. And, then assuming a firm, quiet demeanour, he added: 'No pretexts. Level up the bottom.'

'Sire, I have left the earth raised on one side to give a pillow for the little head . . . I will just shovel up some of the stones and then. . . .'

The words of the grave digger smoothed the air somewhat, as they betokened the care he had taken to the little one.

Ayesha felt like the mother, because Raha had called her by that name. Above the clouds of gloom, which hovered over her black crinkly hair, beyond the fretfulness and the faulty protuberance of her belly, she wanted to smile at the sympathy which was in the gardener's voice. Only the obscure egos of the people around her might misunderstand the

coming of sunshine on her face. She turned to look at the firm, quiet presence of her spouse to see if the words of the grave digger had also wrung from him a little pity. Asura was persevering in the formal pose of the bereaved. A nameless pair that was still quite small swirled up from the sides of her belly and spread the usual sadness of long suffering over her, the soft broom of acceptance of the thousand imperfections of this man.

Asura gave her a sham smile, and his lips opened to assure her, though he could not say what he felt.

All her gnawing feelings now turned in a flow towards him, as though from the abysses of her entrails, where she was bearing a new child for him, she felt a strange compassion for his arrogant maleness, a kind of weakness which might make him stronger in that very erectness with which he was fighting for the vast lands. Perhaps, there was going to be some harmony on the transformed earth when the outsiders had gone . . . And was it not her own possessiveness about him that had made her resent his frequent absences, his childlike pompousness, and the rivetted armour of the defensive structure he had built up around this body, like the old warring chiefs of Africa put on to guard themselves against their enemies. Only the mask had almost begun to belong to his face, the mask of hardness. Could it be that he was strengthening his will from the weakness of the past into the look of courage? Nonni, the elderly help who was now holding her on the left, had said that the women of the east were talking of withholding themselves from the men, until they could win freedom from the foreigners, because they did not want to bear slaves any more. 'Asura had not failed in the fight,' she had told Nonni. 'At least he is still fighting. . . .'

'Come now, mother,' said Raha

looking up, 'give me the child, and I shall sing him to sleep there, in the lap of grand mother earth . . .'

The humour of the gardener's words soothed Ayesha. She nearly smiled. But the art of giving away the corpse was too much for her.

'O my darling babe,' she cried. 'O . . .'

And then with a resurgence of will she said:

'Angel, take it, lay it gently, gently . . . there . . .'

And she suppressed a sob, almost choking with the suppression of her cry.

Asura stood shut in the prison of his obscurity, until his half lit soul bent towards Ayesha, and he touched her hand, as though to bless her.

Over her young tight breasts, her silk robe rustled, spreading the milk of calm across her body, as she bent

forward to look at the corpse before Raha should fill up the grave.

Instinctively, her hands folded across her belly, as though in the inspired effort to protect the new growth there from falling into the pit before her. She drew back, holding her galloping heart still, even as her eyes dimmed.

Across the vague mist of her tears, she could see the earth.

The gardener put three black marigolds and a rose which he had kept by, on top of the grave, and said:

'The black marigolds are for the three you have lost — and the rose is for the one who will bloom, Mother. Be brave . . . There will be a lot of life yet . . .'

In the quivering scale-pans of her imbalance, she felt the pressure of Asura's strong calm hand.

'Go with him,' Nonni said.



The Art of Story-telling

Following the Sun

17 tales from Australia, India and South Africa
(*Seven Seas Books, Berlin, 1960.*)

One of the most marked characteristics of modern European prose-writing is the decay of the short story, in spite of what would seem to be the favourable conditions presented by the increase in literary periodicals. The reasons are too complicated to go into here; probably chief among them is the simple fact that in high-pressure publishing it is becoming more and more difficult for the writer to attract attention merely as a short-story writer. It is, in any case, an unfortunate development, for the short story provided that discipline in which so many recent novels are lacking. Moreover, when it does appear now it has usually ceased to be the anecdotal medium it once was, the story which with greater elaboration and psychological insight might have grown into a novel, and has assumed instead the nature of a sketch, a background detail, which will form only a part of the total view that is the novel. It has in many cases lost all the characteristics of the story and become an exploration into the tensions that exist in human relationships, both personal and social. Thus an obvious gain in complexity and profundity has involved a corresponding loss in immediacy.

With these generalisations in mind, it is interesting to consider the short stories in this volume, coming from three countries in which literature in English is relatively young. Have they, one wonders, followed the general trend?

In the stories from India and Australia it is possible still to see a number of the earlier characteristics of the form. In most cases the telling is episodic and often humorous, and the subject matter is popular with a fairly obvious moral lesson. This is particularly successful in a story such as 'The Crocodile Pool' by

Bhabani Bhatta-charya which tells of the struggle between a young social worker from the town and a priest who will not allow the temple-pool to be cleared of its mosquito infested hyacinth for fear of disturbing the legendary crocodile that it shelters. In a very simple controlled way this is an obvious parable for modern India, and, in spite of the townsman's hope for the future which ends the story: 'Never again shall the hyacinth grow in Behula village. The myth of the Devout One along with a hundred other myths is dust for the breeze of a passing age. We march ahead, we progress,' one remembers rather the assertion of the priest, when the pool had been found to be empty, that the holy crocodile was not illusory but had merely moved to another pool in the locality.

In a very different way, the story is again used to spotlight one of the problems of modern India in 'The Umbrella' by Kwaja Ahmad Abbas. The style instead of being simple and direct, is anecdotal and humorous in this self-deprecating story of the romantic young man on the top of a bus who is relieved of his wallet by a beautiful memsahib, but is too gentlemanly to try to catch her: 'Didn't I tell you this gentlemanly temperament was the cause of my undoing—perhaps also the cause of the undoing of my country.'

But although this uncomplicated manner of story-telling is impressive in these two Indian tales, the limitations become clearer when we look at the Australian contributions which are the least successful in the volume. Perhaps the selection is not as representative as it might be, but whatever the reason, we find instead of simplicity, the pretentiousness of an assumed

naivety. For instance, Katharine Susannah Prichard's story of a half-caste woman's discovery of her aboriginal roots is totally unconvincing and badly written, because it tries to graft a problem which is basically the result of the social insecurity of a sophisticated society onto the mind of a primitive person: 'she never mentioned to Ted, or any white person, the secret elation it gave her to think she belonged somewhere and to somebody' ! ! ! Alan Marshall's story of a children's crawling race is similarly naive, while Frank Hardy's episodic adventure of a virtuous tramp is boring and unoriginal.

The best of the Australian stories is, in fact, 'Jettisoned' by Vance Palmer, which makes no attempt at the story-as-parable, but is instead a sympathetic study of the loneliness of a man who is quite deservedly a social outcast. There is in it none of the sentimentality of the other tales, and the selfishness of the central figure is portrayed without any lapse into moralising.

The South African stories are, as one would expect, quite different from the other contributions; for whereas most of the Indian stories are connected in one way or another with social progress and an affirmation that can be made simply and in semi-mythological terms, what we have in South Africa is exactly the opposite; not progress, but a struggle against retrogression, a fight for the retention of individual values. Thus these writers are concerned not so much with the problem of racial discrimination itself, but with the way in which normal human difficulties are aggravated by the constant presence of social tension. For instance, the white adolescents in Phyllis Altman's 'Saturday Afternoon' have the same troubles as adolescents everywhere, but the emotional instability is worse here because of the artificial barriers that surround them. Apart from one

very bad pseudo-Freudian line, this is a compelling picture of violence resulting from sexual jealousy. The climax, in which the girl who is with the Coloured man the youths are beating up turns out to be not a white girl at all, but merely a Coloured prostitute, is especially well managed, emphasizing the futility of it all.

Nadine Gordimer also, in 'The Smell of Death and Flowers', is not writing simply about the problem of apartheid, but about the way in which it affects the life of a rather romantic young woman who struggles to assert herself by civil disobedience in entering a location prohibited to white people. The first part of the story is marred by sentimentality, but Mrs. Gordimer has a remarkable sense of atmosphere and an impressive ability to convey it through particular details and relevant images.

Ezekiel Mphahlele's 'The Living and Dead' has a similar sureness of technique, but it is disappointing after his autobiography simply because he tries to write in the character of a pro-apartheid Boer, and, not surprisingly, fails to carry it off convincingly. There are also a finely-told realistic story of childhood violence by J. Arthur Maimane, and a very amusing piece, 'The Tame Ox' by Jack Cope, about the difficulties of a moderate black intellectual which, with its ambiguous irony, is the only one of the African stories that resembles Kwaja Ahmad Abbas' 'The Umbrella.'

This is, on the whole, a selection of stories that is well worth reading, not only to see how naive and dull short story writing actually can be in many of the Australian contributions, but also for the genuine and occasionally successful attempts by some of the Indian and most of the South African writers to use the short story form in a variety of ways to express the complex problems that result from social change, whether it be progress or retrogression.

W. I. McLachlan

Poetry and Historic Sense

Two Chinese Poets

Vignettes Of Han Life And Thought

by E. R. Hughes

(Princeton University Press, New Jersey, 1960. \$6.)

Aristotle expressed a truth when he said that poetry is more serious and philosophical than history. So, to understand the people of any age, one must study not only their history, which records their deeds, but also their literature, which records their dreams that make their deeds possible. The great poetry of any epoch would reflect the sentiment of that particular epoch more deeply than any detailed report history could make, because they reveal the feelings and thoughts of the people rather than registering the occurrence of events. With due allowance for their artistic exaggeration, great poets can be taken as witnesses of the period of history in which they live.

This is exactly what the late Professor E. R. Hughes did when he undertook the task of translating, or rather interpreting, the two pairs of *fu* (prose poems) on the Two Capitals of the Han dynasty, Ch'ang-an and Loyang, by Pan Ku and Chang Heng, both being great Han poets.

Prof Hughes' book certainly gives the reader a clear picture of the imperial functions and life of the Chinese people during the Han dynasty. In the long history of China, the Han dynasty was no doubt a flourishing era in which Chinese culture and political power developed to an unprecedented degree.

The subject of the four *fu* was inspired by the argument on the choice of site for the capital, Ch'ang-an or Loyang. The era of the Han dynasty was divided into two parts—the Western and the Eastern. The Western Han had its capital at Ch'ang-an and was ended by the 'usurpation' of Wang Mang. When the throne was again restored to the Liu family thirteen years later through a successful campaign by Liu Hsiu who proclaimed himself as Emperor Kuang Wu, the Eastern Han had its capital established at Loyang. There must be quite a bit of resentment at the time among

the aristocratic class over the desertion of the old capital, Chang-an, where their ancestor Kao Tzu had founded the dynasty.

In view of the fact that vested interests would not favour anyway the abandonment under any circumstance of the place where they had long settled, the opposition to the change of site of the capital from Ch'ang-an to Loyang at the beginning of the Eastern Han should cause no surprise; but how it could be explained away plausibly would tax the ability of the official propagandists. Herein the four *fu* had an important role to play.

After a long period of peace, the rulers and officials of the Western Han became degenerate and corrupt. The imperial functions which had once been acts of propriety and deeds of virtue were now turned into lavish entertainment and excessive drinking; or as Chang Heng saw it: 'with intent fully set to exhaust desire, the result was the dissolute temper of luxury in excess.' The imperial hunt which had once been aimed to perfect the art of archery now became an act of gruesome slaughter; or just as Pan Ku described it: 'nothing was left of the grass and trees, the birds and beasts were all massacred.' Both the 'Will of Heaven' and the 'Wish of Man' were for a change. So Wang Mang seized the opportunity to take over the throne. He tried to make some change, but it was not thorough enough to satisfy the people, and on the other hand just enough to force the aristocratic class to get together and start a rebellion. Consequently, within a short time, Wang Mang was overthrown after a horrible civil war; and 'in the ensuing disorder the living were almost wiped out, the ancestors were cut off, no coffin in the valley was not destroyed, rivers ran with blood.'

Emperor Kuang Wu realized the necessity of getting away from Ch'ang-an's rotten environment and decided to make a drastic

change. He chose the site of Loyang to establish his capital. He organised his government as Pan Ku depicted in 'the joyful state of sober simplicity and earnest endeavour with schools everywhere'. Chang Heng also wrote that 'the Emperor observes moderation and economy; he esteems untrommeled simplicity. He muses on Confucius' 'self-subduing'; he treads in Lao Tzu's 'abiding sufficiency'.

If Kuang Wu had not moved his capital away from Ch'ang-an, the glory of the Eastern Han might not have been achieved and the civilization of China developed after him might have been of a different character.

It is not an easy task to dig the people out of a first century grave and bring them back to life in the eyes of literature, especially the people of another country, speaking a totally different language. But Prof Hughes has done it quite successfully. He was wise not to attempt a literal translation of the four *fu*. For the two languages are so different that an accurate translation of the original meaning and working is almost impossible, especially such an admixture of poetry and prose as found in the composition of the *fu* which has a peculiar structure and rhythm of its own. Some of the Chinese poetical phrases if literally translated into English would be meaningless. He devoted his effort in the four chapters of critique to the analysis and explanation of the phrases as far as they reflect the political and religious background of the authors' thoughts. It is a book really worthy of the reading of a student of Chinese literature and history.

Since Chang Heng wrote his *fu* at least ten years after the death of Pan Ku, there was not ground for personal contention of courting the emperor's favour. But why did the former choose the same subject for the display of his literary ingenuity? The fact that Chang Heng shifted his interest to the study of natural

phenomena in his later years seems to suggest that he might have written his *fu* in his student days in Loyang while argument about the Two Capitals still remained a hot topic of the time. His teacher might have made use of the subject for his pupils to write their compositions as a competitive exercise and picked up the best one to present to the imperial court. Chang Heng's literary excellence would thus be shown up in his early years. His as well as Pan Ku's *fu* described the grandeur of the Two Capitals, but their real purpose was to lay emphasis on the moral aspect of the imperial reign rather than material magnificence, for both of them lamented the fate of Ch'ang-an as the result of moral degeneration.

Aside from the influence these four *fu* exerted profoundly on the literature of the Eastern Han, they had set a style for the subsequent more than eight hundred years during which flowery diction held its sway not only in poetry but also in prose. The literature of the Six Dynasties was known for 'p'ien wen' or 'double harness style'. Indeed, in post-Han literature, the acknowledged masters of style were not so much concerned with clear statement and accurate description as with 'delicious clusters of words'. A vigorous reaction against such stilted style was led in mid-T'ang (about 800 A.D.) by Han Yü who advocated return to the ancient form of dignified prose, taking Confucius' classics and Ssu-ma Ch'ien's history as model. He has been known as the leader of prose writers who had lifted Chinese literature from the decline of eight dynasties. However, in spite of the eight famous masters of prose of the T'ang and the Sung dynasties, the 'double harness style' has still retained its fascinating influence among certain writers even to-day.

Moon Kwan

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Jasim Uddin is a Bengali poet of renown.

Josef Hejzlar, author of *'The sketches and Studies of Chinese Painters'*, is a Czechoslovakian artist who visited China a few years ago.

Robert E. Light is a journalist in the U.S.A.

Thaung Blackmore, M.A., Ph.D., F.R.A.S., Formerly Lecturer, Department of Oriental History, Rangoon University; Research Associate, London University (School of Oriental & African Studies) (1958-1959).

A Doctor, whose first article on 'Stress and its Relief' appeared in Vol. 1 No. 9, presents in this issue, an interesting paper on 'Yoga and Mental Stress'.

Mr Frederick Joss, artist and writer, whose

sketches and drawings are well known in many countries, is now staying in London.

A Modern Marco Polo, whose delightful series of 'Intimate Travel Notes' appears in every issue of *Eastern Horizon* since Vol. 1 No. 2, tells us, in this issue, more about France.

Cedric Belfrage, well known British author and journalist, gave us his illuminating impressions on Cuba (where he is still travelling) in the last issue of *Eastern Horizon*.

A. T. Ramp is a widely travelled European journalist, who is at present travelling in New Guinea.

Mulk Raj Anand, is an eminent Indian philosopher and writer, who has written fiction, essays and drama, and philosophy and art criticisms.

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Edmund Blunden
in *The Yomiuri*, Tokyo

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